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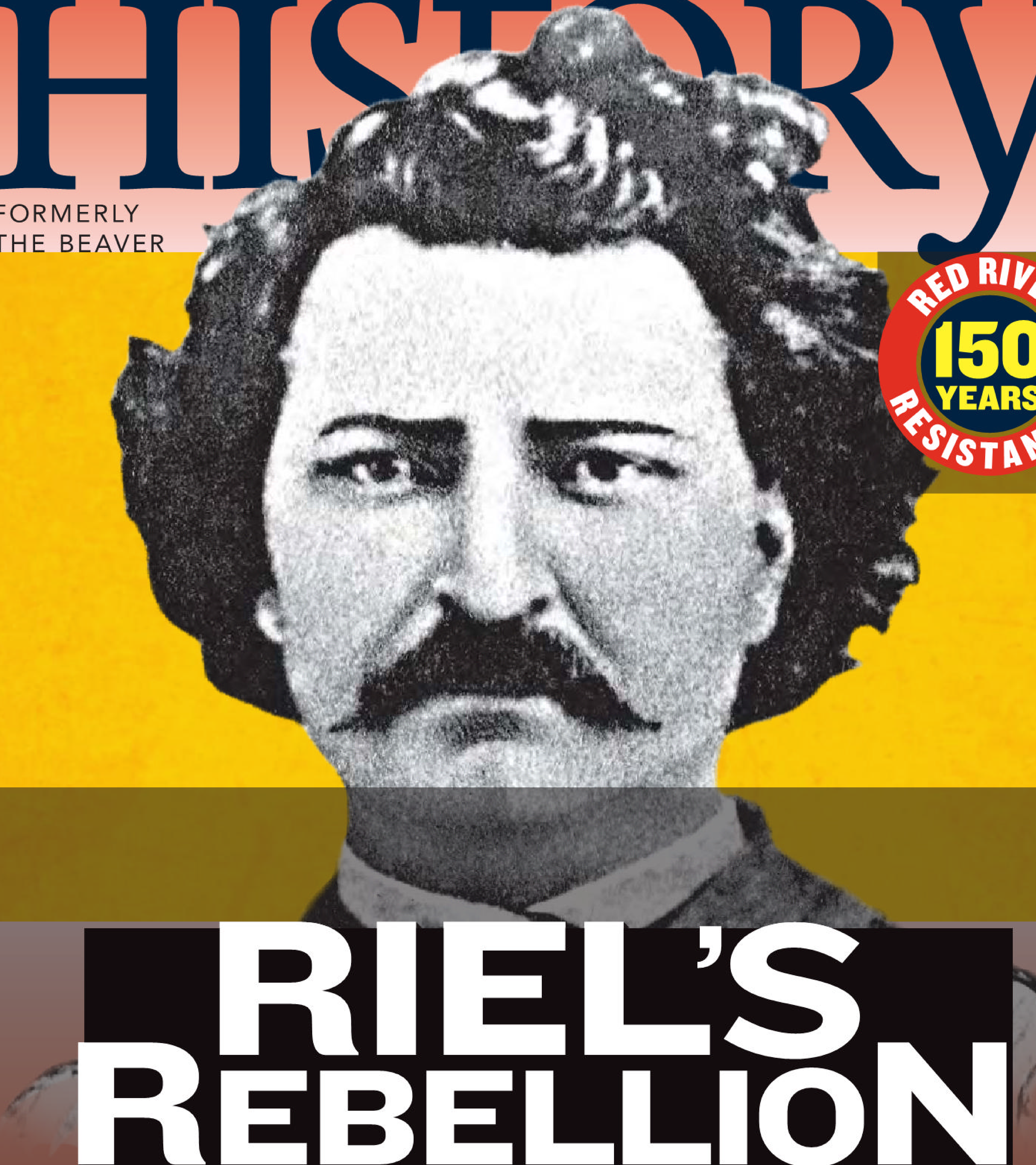

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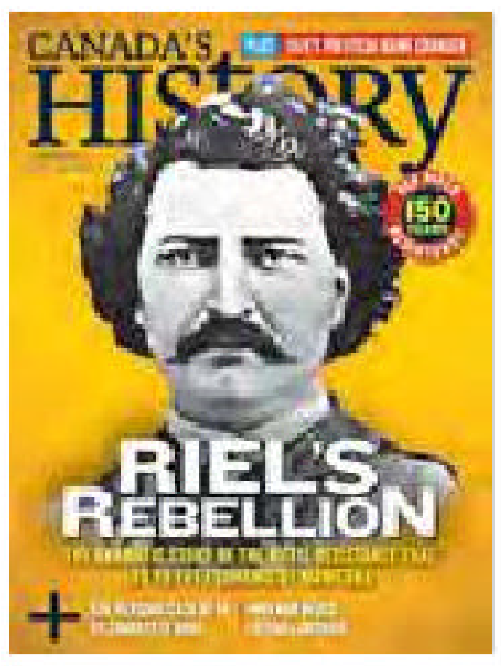

On the cover

A portrait of Métis leader Louis Riel circa 1873.

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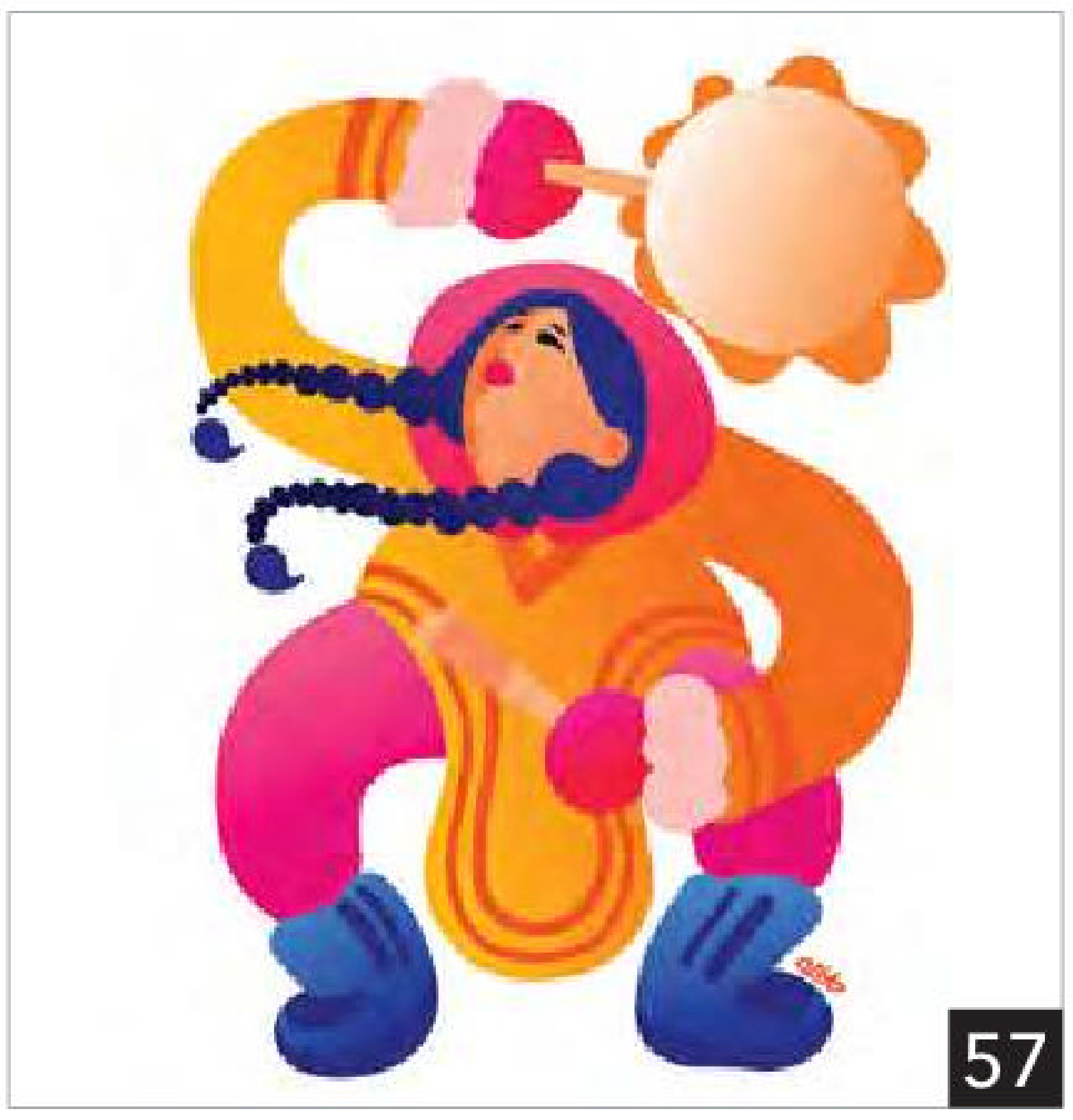

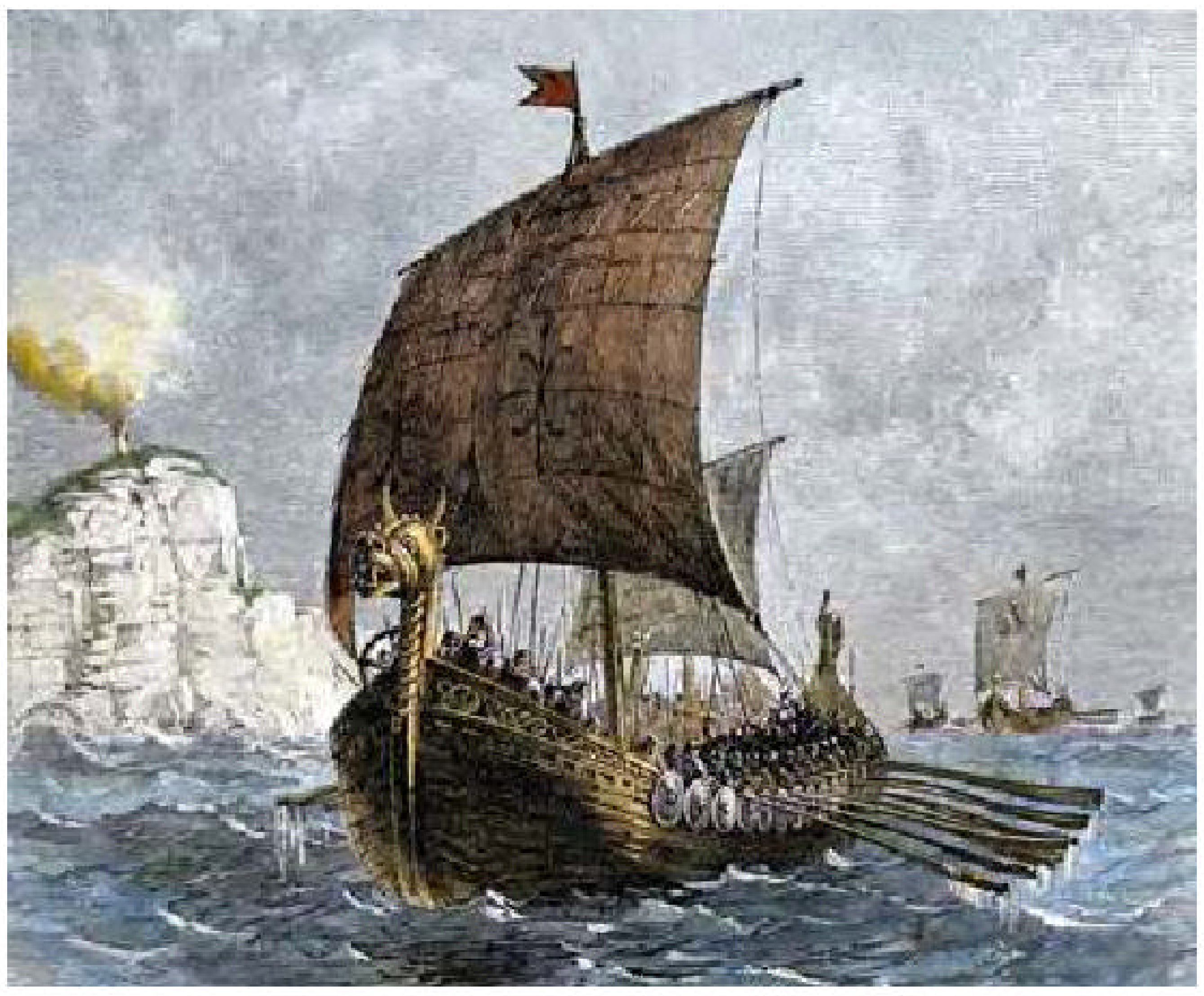

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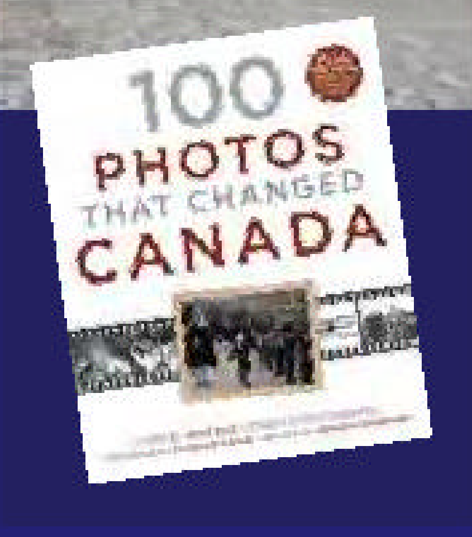

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Signs of the times

A few years ago, I found myself walking along the north bank of the Thames River in London, England. As the afternoon waned, I skirted along the edge of St. James's Park before ducking down a side street to rest my aching feet. Leaning against a white stone building, I noticed a round blue plaque attached to its facade. It read, "Sir Isaac Newton 1642–1727 Lived Here."

I was momentarily floored; I was standing at the site of the former home of the man who had discovered gravity! Somehow, amid touristically gawking at the London Eye and the other attractions, I had forgotten about the rich history that was literally engraved into the walls and streets around me. It was a great reminder that the paths we tread today were blazed by countless people who came before us — and that someday we, too, may be only distant memories to future generations.

I returned to Winnipeg determined not to step blindly through the history of my adopted city. Soon, I began noticing historic sites everywhere, such as at Portage Avenue, where a plaque honoured railway baron Donald Smith, and on Main Street, where all that remained of Upper Fort Garry — a former nexus of the Hudson's Bay Company fur trade — was a lone limestone gate, the rest of the fort having been torn down in 1882.

In recent years, a provincial park has been established at the Upper Fort Garry site. It is a fitting tribute to a location that played a central role in the Métis resistance that erupted in the Red River Settlement 150 years ago.

In the fall of 1869, an "uprising" led by Métis leader Louis Riel refused to allow the Canadian government simply to annex the colony following the transfer of Rupert's Land from the HBC to Canada. It was at Upper Fort Garry that Riel's forces declared their provisional government, where a Métis firing squad executed anti-resistance agitator Thomas Scott, and where the Red River resisters voted to join Canada as the province of Manitoba.

The Red River Resistance sent shockwaves far beyond the Forks, where the Red and Assiniboine rivers meet. Branded a rebellion by the Canadian government, the conflict threw the young country into turmoil, straining the tenuous bonds that held together French and English societies in the late-nineteenth century. It also marked another moment of dispute between Indigenous peoples and the settlers who sought to supplant them.

In this issue, historian Philippe Mailhot examines the Red River resistance through the eyes of a francophone clergyman who played a key role in helping to achieve provincehood for Manitoba. Today, Father Noël-Joseph Ritchot lacks Riel's celebrity, but it's fair to say the resistance might have failed without his timely and crucial assistance.

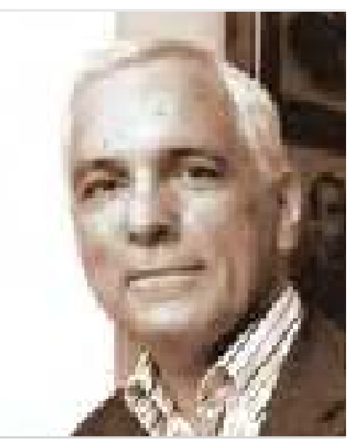
Elsewhere in this issue, we remember the legacy of the legal case that confirmed that women were indeed "persons" under British law; we recall a time when pacifists in Ontario invited conflict into their community as a way of testing their tenets of non-violence; and we remember a political leadership convention in 1919 that forever changed the way politics is practised in Canada.

Mark Reid

CONTRIBUTORS

Tarah Brookfield, who wrote "Experiments in Peace," is an associate professor in history and youth and children's studies at Wilfrid Laurier University. Her research focuses on Canadian women's political activism, Cold War peace movements, and the history of adoption. She is the author of *Our Voices Must Be Heard: Women and the Vote in Ontario* (UBC Press, 2018) and *Cold War Comforts: Canadian Women, Child Safety, and Global Insecurity* (WLU Press, 2012).

Charlotte Gray wrote "Complicated Persons." She is the award-winning author of eleven books of history and biography, including a biography of Nellie McClung in the Extraordinary Canadians series. A former chair of Canada's History Society, her latest book is *Murdered Midas: A Millionaire, His Gold Mine, and a Strange Death on an Island Paradise*, about the hardscrabble life and brutal murder of Sir Harry Oakes.



Christopher Moore, (www.christophermoore.ca) has contributed a column to each issue of *Canada's History* for more than twenty years. Now, as the magazine's first contributing editor, he will be a frequent contributor of feature stories, beginning with "The Ballots Question" in this issue.

Philippe Mailhot wrote "The Priest Who Shaped a Province." Mailhot was the director of Le Musée de Saint-Boniface Museum in Winnipeg for twenty-five years until his retirement in 2014. A storytelling historian, Mailhot is recognized as an authority on the early days of the Red River Resistance and the subsequent negotiations.

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Will Wilson, *K'ómoks Imperial Stormtrooper (Andy Everson), Citizen of the K'ómoks First Nation* (detail), 2017. From the series *Critical Indigenous Photographic Exchange: dᶻidᶻəlalič* [Seattle].
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Controversial commemorations

This statue of Prime Minister John A. Macdonald in Montreal's Place du Canada was vandalized three times in 2018.

The title of the article "The Mighty Have Fallen" in the June-July 2019 issue creates the wrong impression. Removing statues does not erase historical figures and their deeds from history. They live on in other sources. If a statue and accompanying plaque convey a seriously deficient conception of the past, historical revisionism must take place to remedy the imperfections. Historical revisionism has been anathema to some, but in itself it is a beneficial thing in appropriate circumstances — presuming there is no hidden agenda to distort the facts (for example, Holocaust naysayers).

The end goal must not be to obliterate what these objects represent. Rather, where appropriate, it must be to challenge past orthodoxies and to construct a more factual history based on a conscientious analysis of new or existing evidence. In our view, controversial statues and plaques should not be consigned to the rubbish heap, except in egregious circumstances. If necessary, a plaque with current facts should be placed adjacent to them, or, if the existing site is offensive to many, they should be moved to a more innocuous location.

George and Terry Goulet
Sechelt, British Columbia

Minor moment?

I write not to disagree with your comments concerning the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada ("Monumental Moments," June-July 2019) but to correct an impression left by the article, where it refers to the 1669–70 voyage of François Dollier de Casson and René de Bréhant de Galinée as being a "relatively minor historical episode."

Consider that de Galinée kept a detailed journal of a journey by canoe and overland that lasted almost one year. He created a map of southern Ontario that was considered so important that, at journey's end, New France's intendant, Jean Talon, immediately sent it to the royal court in France. De Galinée's journal details the involvement of René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, who accompanied them for part of their journey. It is the earliest detailed description of the man that we have. As well, the Sulpician's journal describes the Seneca at their village of Ganondagan in what is now upstate New York and the as-yet-undiscovered Iroquois village of Tinaoutoua, located somewhere northwest of what is now Hamilton. The map De Galinée created was later used by La Salle to navigate his ship around the treacheries of Long Point in Lake Erie. Dollier and company were the first to record for Europeans the interconnectedness of the Great Lakes, and they did so just as the surge of the French into the Mississippi Valley was about to begin.

It might be said that the story of Dollier and de Galinée is little known, or little appreciated. But perhaps it cannot be said that it was a "minor historical episode."

John D. Ayre
Norfolk, Ontario

Erratum: Labour Day was designated a statutory holiday in 1894 by the government of Prime Minister John Thompson. Incorrect information appeared in a Currents article in the August-September 2019 issue. We regret the error.

Email your comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to Canada's History, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada.

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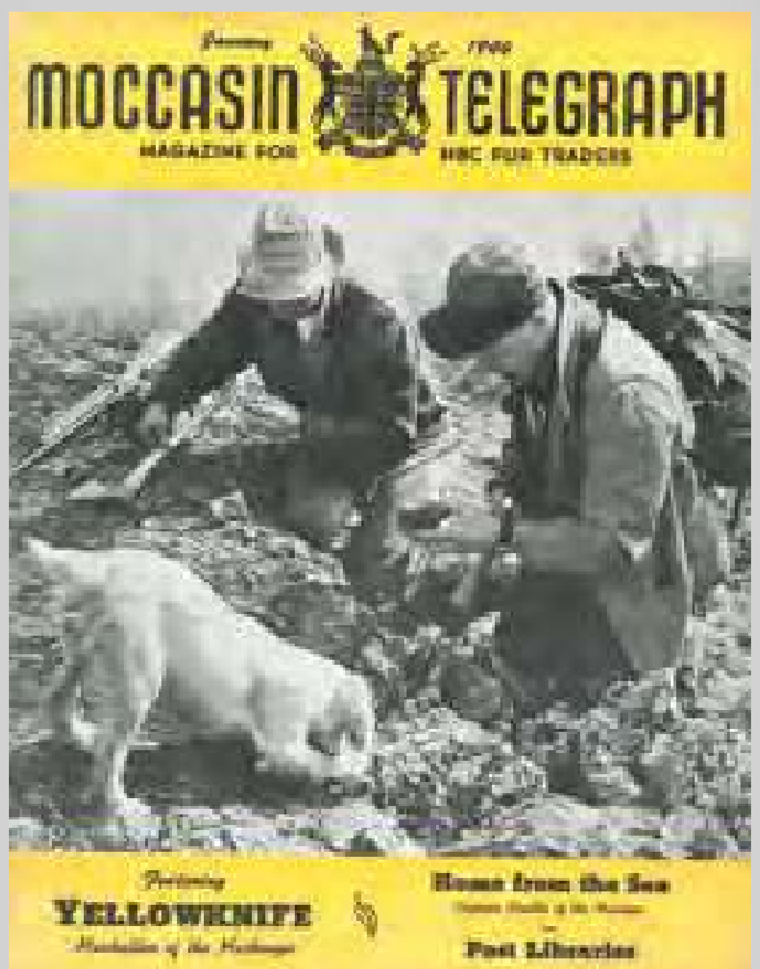

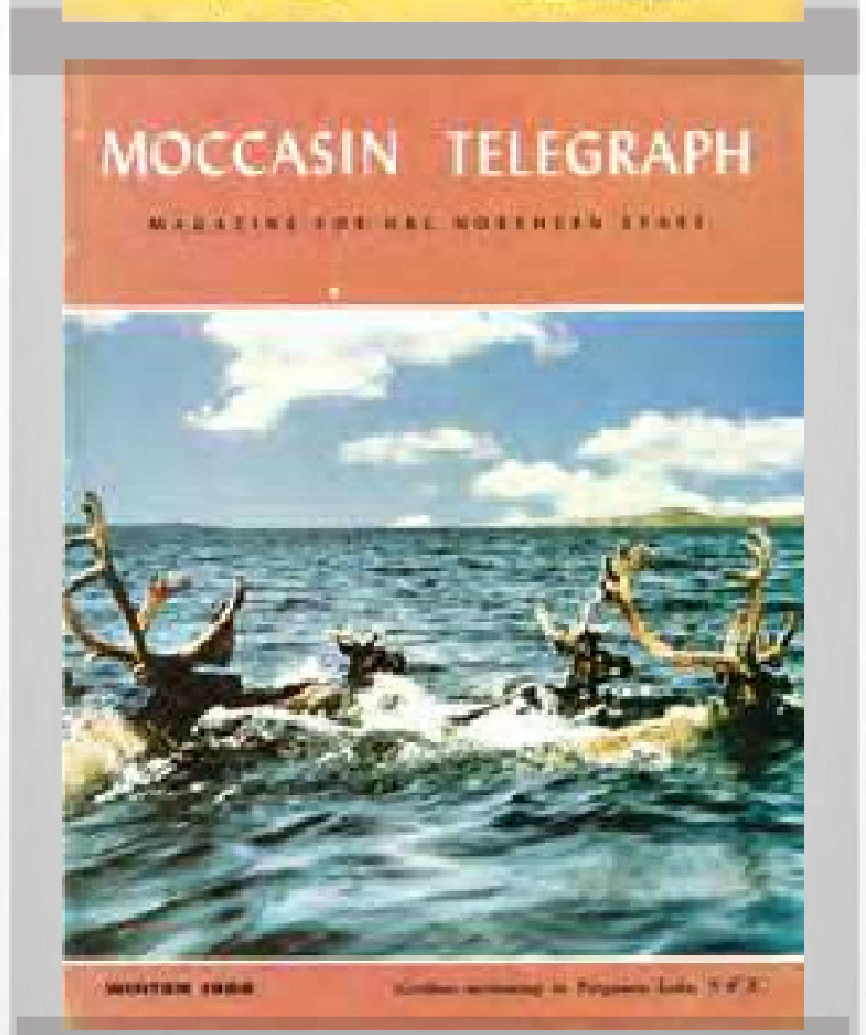

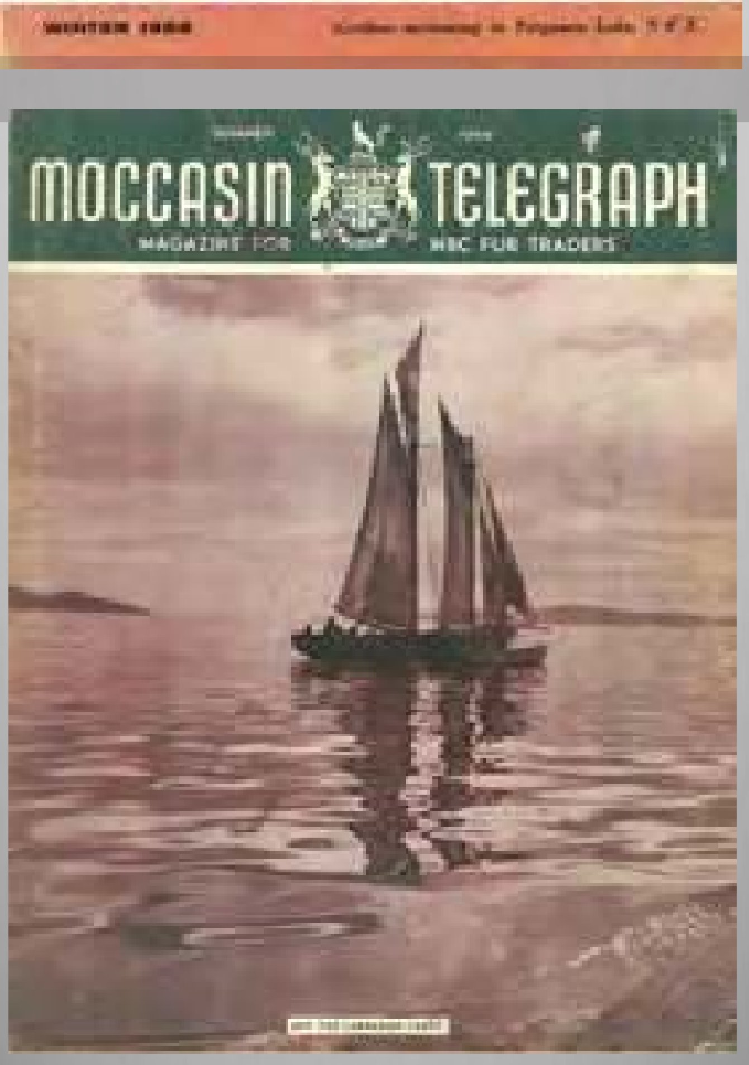

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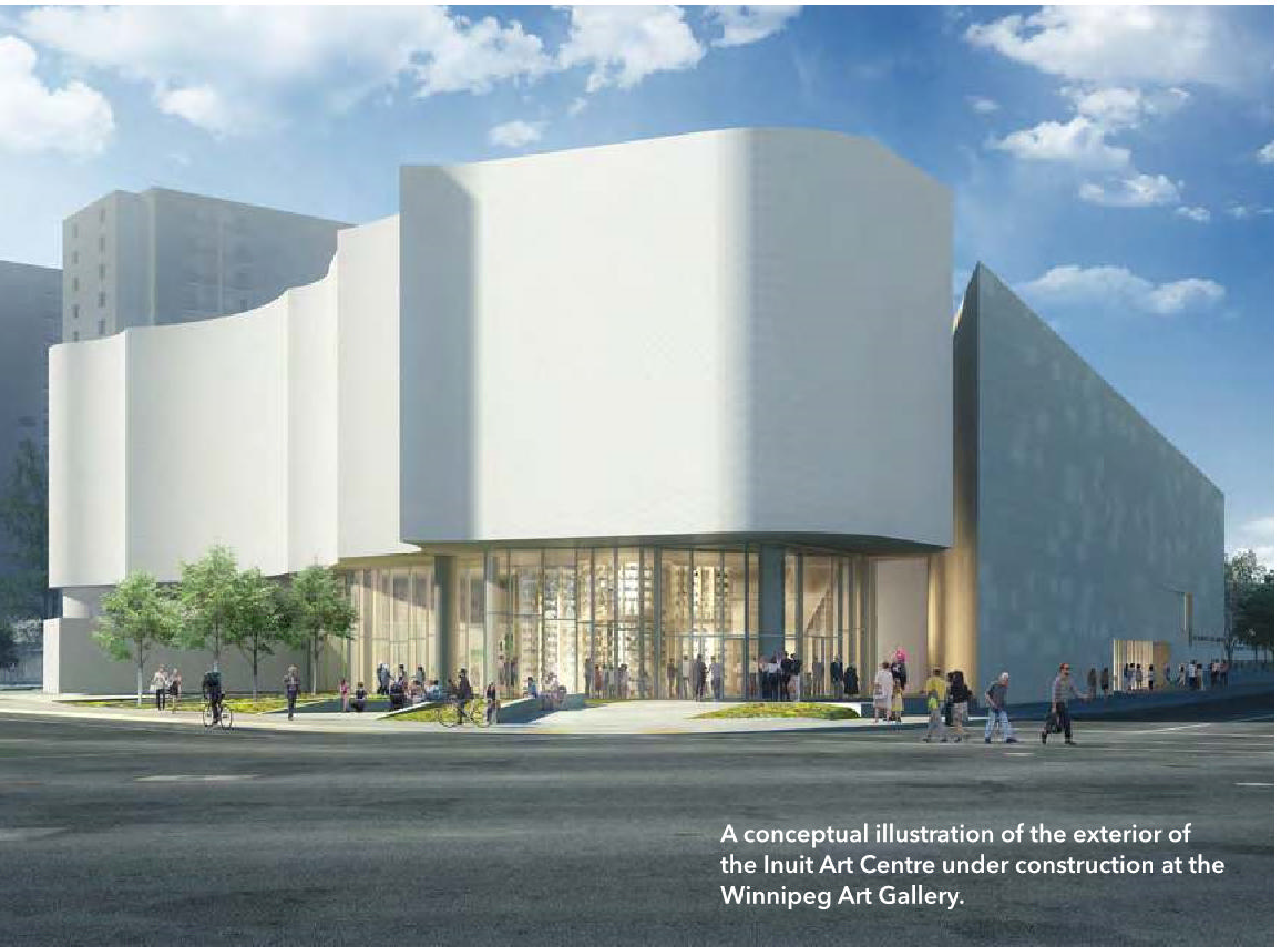
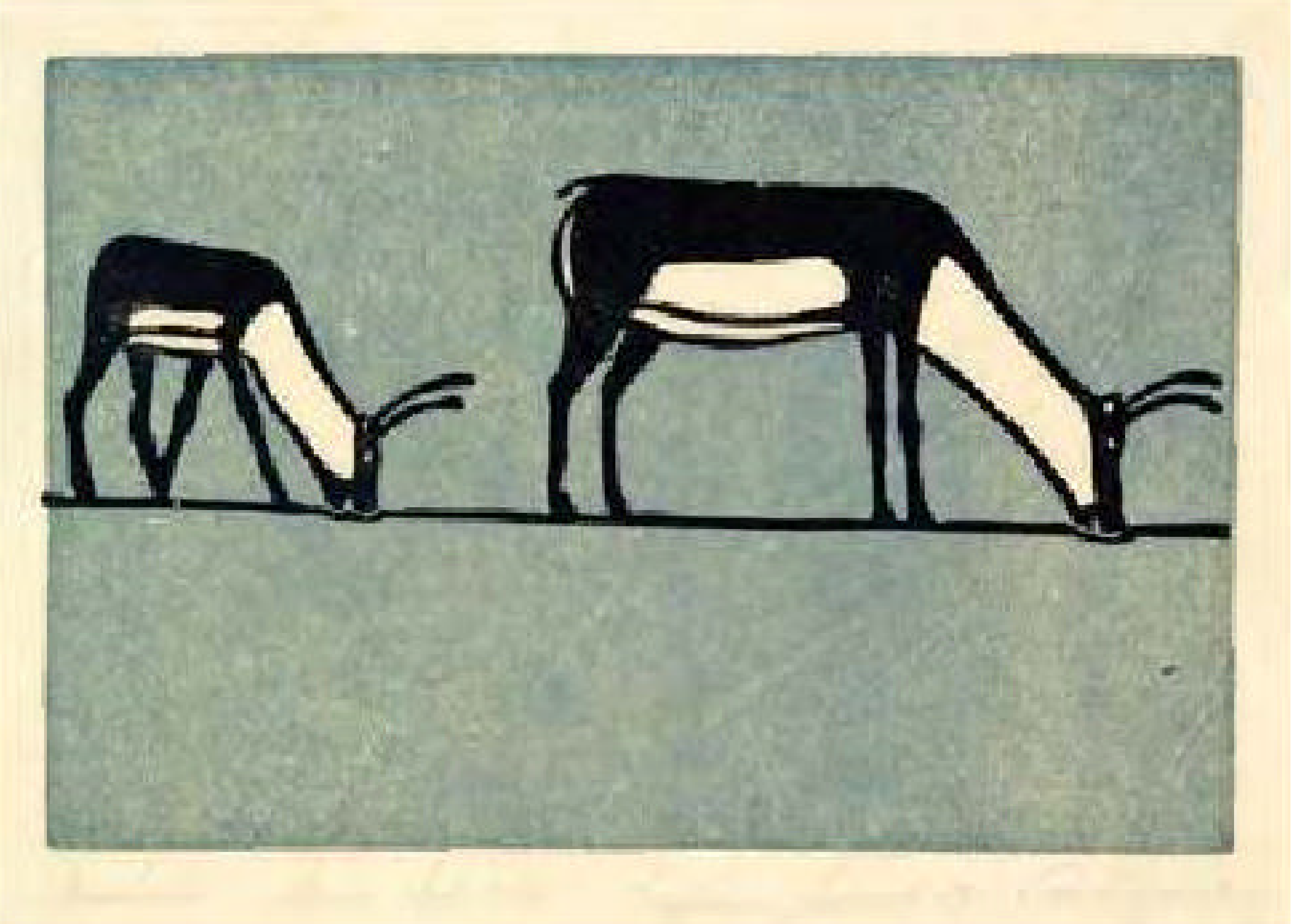


A conceptual illustration of the exterior of the Inuit Art Centre under construction at the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

Above: *Trees*, circa 1931–41, an ivory and wood sculpture by Appa.

Below left: *Caribou*, 1958, a linocut stencil on paper by Joseph Pootoogook.

Below right: *Man in Kayak*, circa 1955, an ivory and stone sculpture by Sarollie Weetaluktuk.



Inuit Art Centre receives major donation

The Inuit Art Centre at the Winnipeg Art Gallery, scheduled to open in 2020, will be the world's largest space devoted to Inuit art.

Construction began in 2018, and concrete has just been poured for the third floor that will be the gallery level. In addition, plans for the outside of the building have been expanded thanks to a recent donation of $2 million from the North West Company. The funding will help to create an outdoor plaza that will feature newly commissioned sculptures by Inuit artists — and will be a valuable space for programming. Inside, the centre will feature a three-storey glass vault that will highlight the WAG's impressive collection of Inuit carvings. Prints, textiles and other artworks will also have devoted gallery space. The gallery's Inuit art collection consists of more than fourteen thousand pieces and includes the work of artists such as Joseph Pootoogook and Sarollie Weetaluktuk.

The forthcoming centre is changing the museum — and not just on a physical level. WAG director and CEO Stephen Borys said the process of developing and building the centre has provided perspective about how the museum can be more useful "in the community."

While it is "easy to focus on the building," said Borys, he maintains that it is even more inspiring to imagine the activities and dialogues that will go on inside. — Henrietta Roi

ERNEST MAYER, COURTESY OF THE WINNIPEG ART GALLERY

Bob Hayward races *Miss Supertest III* in the final heat of the 1961 Harmsworth Cup at Picton, Ontario.

COURTESY THOMPSON FAMILY

Up to the test

Recalling Canada's world-beating speedboat. *by Henrietta Roi*

Sixty years ago, an all-Canadian boat-racing team began a winning streak that is unparalleled to this day.

In 1959, the team of Jim Thompson and Bob Hayward, driving Miss Supertest III, won the Harmsworth Cup — a historically significant international motorboat race. And they won again in 1960 and 1961, despite being relative underdogs in the world of hydroplane boat racing.

Hydroplane boats have specially designed hulls that utilize planing action to support their weight as they travel on water. "Unlimited hydroplane racing was a huge sport," Murray Walker, the current owner of Miss Supertest III, told Canadian Yachting.

At the turn of the 1960s, the sport was dominated by Americans. Hayward drove in his first race only in 1958, and Thompson had never designed a boat on his own prior to Miss Supertest III.

Hayward was at the wheel for the 1959 victory, which shocked the speed racing world; Americans had won the previous thirty-nine Harmsworth Cup races.

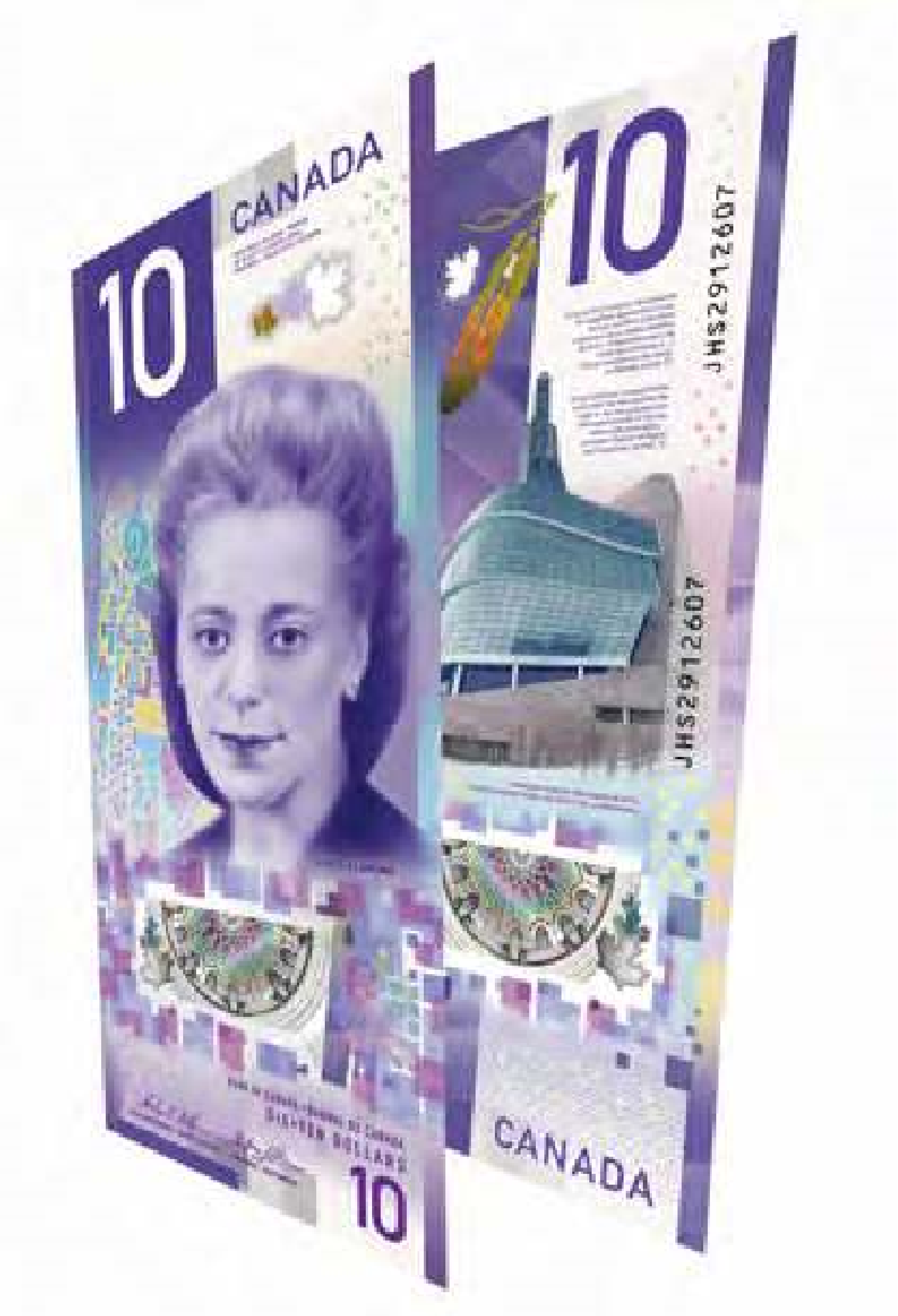
Sadly, the Miss Supertest III team would face tragedy a month after the 1961 Harmsworth Cup victory. Hayward entered a race on the Detroit River, this time driving Miss Supertest II. While roaring along the river at more than 120 kilometres per hour, Hayward's boat veered off course and rolled, killing him instantly.

Miss Supertest III was retired after the death of its star driver. Since then, the boat has occasionally been displayed at boat shows and other events. However, work is underway to establish a Canadian Raceboat Hall of Fame that would feature Miss Supertest III as a central exhibit. More than $300,000 has already been raised with support from a major bank. The next challenge is finding a location.

Races drew "thousands of spectators," Walker said, adding that he wants to "help new audiences taste some of that excitement."

Canadian banknote wins major award

Ten-dollar bill featuring civil rights icon recognized for exceptional design. *by Kaitlin Vitt*



Top: Wanda Robson holds a banknote featuring her sister, civil rights pioneer Viola Desmond. Above: The Viola Desmond banknote features Winnipeg's Canadian Museum for Human Rights on the reverse side.

A ground-breaking banknote featuring Canadian civil rights icon Viola Desmond has captured a prestigious design award from the International Bank Note Society.

Named IBNS Banknote of the Year for 2018, the ten-dollar bill features a vertical design and bears images of Desmond on its face and the Canadian Museum for Human Rights on the back. The prize was announced earlier this year.

Desmond, a Nova Scotian businesswoman, was jailed in 1946 for refusing to leave a whites-only section of a movie theatre in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. In 2018, with the launch of the new bill, she became the first non-royal woman to appear by herself on a Canadian banknote.

The Canadian Bank Note Company and the Bank of Canada designed the ten-dollar bill. Desmond's image was engraved by Canadian master engraver Jorge Peral. Desmond's sister, Wanda Robson, took part in the banknote's 2018 unveiling ceremony at the Canadian Museum for Human Rights in Winnipeg.

Desmond died in 1965. Forty-five years later, the Nova Scotia government officially apologized for her arrest and granted Desmond a posthumous free pardon. She is today recognized as a Canadian civil rights pioneer.

Well-written history

Digitization project a success.

It's said that many hands make light work. Similarly, many eyes make light work when it comes to transcribing historical documents.

That's why the Nova Scotia Archives is making permanent an innovative pilot project that uses crowdsourcing to digitize the province's history. The Transcribe project, launched in 2017, sees the archives post online historical documents for perusal by the public. Volunteer participants read the contents and then transcribe them online.

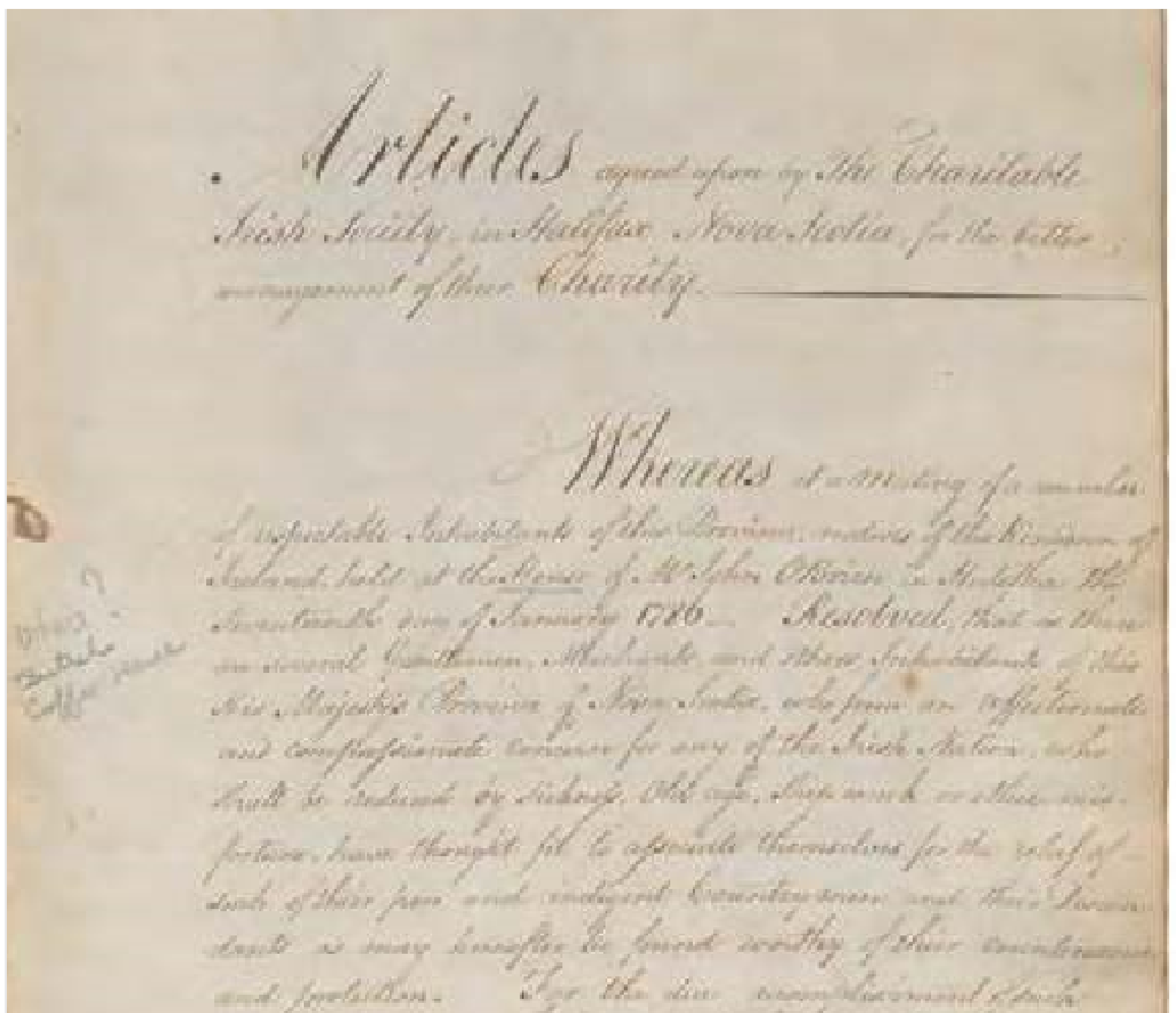
The pilot project was an immediate success: Within the first two weeks, the public had helped to transcribe 460 historic documents containing more than 130,000 words. "We see the results of crowdsourcing as a wonderful opportunity for public engagement," said Patti Bannister, the provincial archivist and director of the Nova Scotia Archives.

Handwritten documents are not easily searched by computers and scanning systems are generally unable to read cursive handwriting. Transcribing them makes the documents more accessible.

To date, volunteers have transcribed more than 245,000 words worth of historical documents. "I've heard some people say that they really enjoy the fact they're being helpful, but also it's a bit like cracking a code when you figure out someone's handwriting and start reading it fluently," said Paul Maxner, the senior archivist who built and maintains the Transcribe platform.

— Jessica Patterson

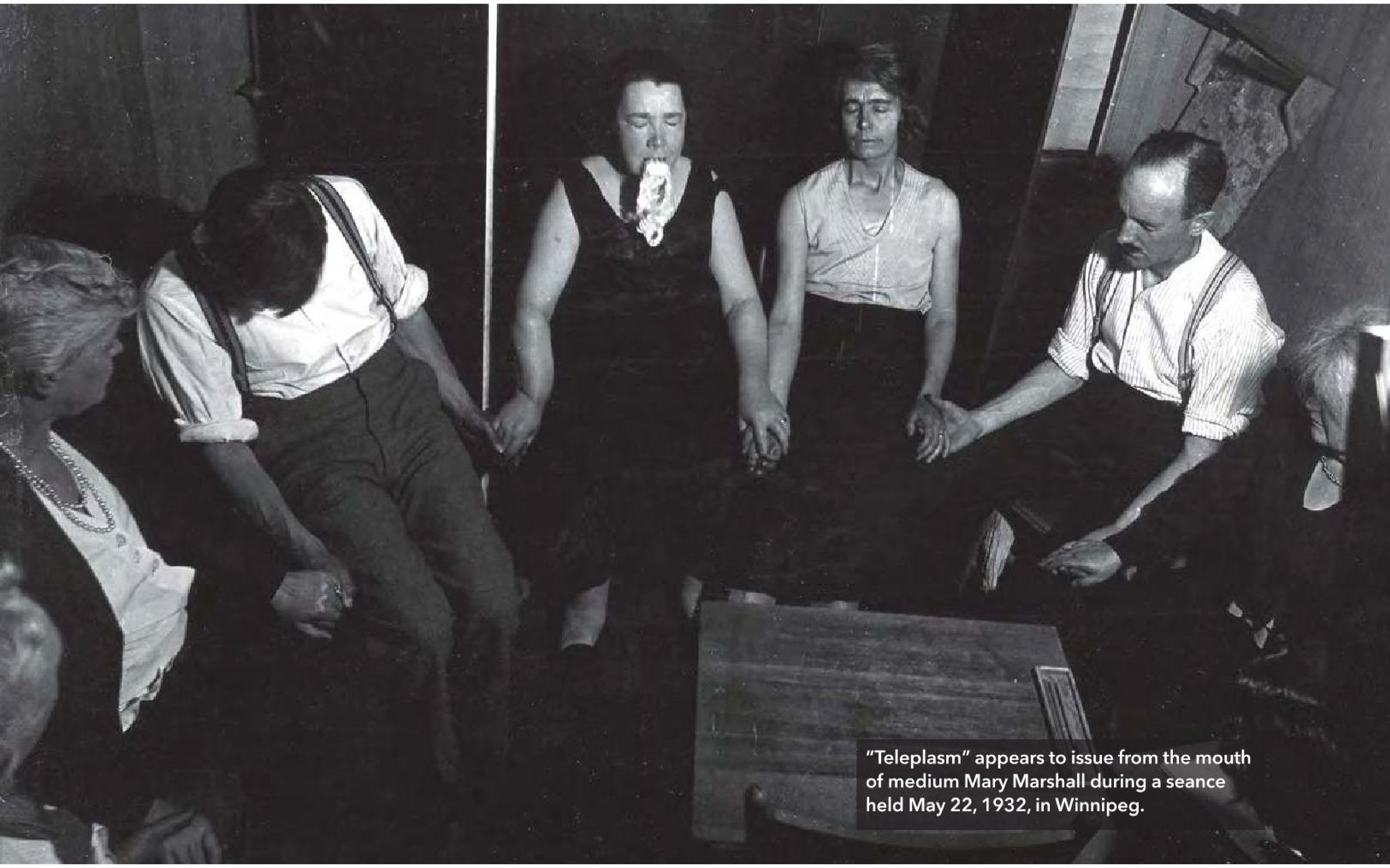
Volunteers have transcribed thousands of documents, including the below page that was produced in 1786 by the Charitable Irish Society in Halifax.



Articles agreed upon by the Charitable Irish Society in Halifax Nova Scotia for the better management of their Charity

Whereas

NOVA SCOTIA ARCHIVES



"Teleplasm" appears to issue from the mouth of medium Mary Marshall during a seance held May 22, 1932, in Winnipeg.

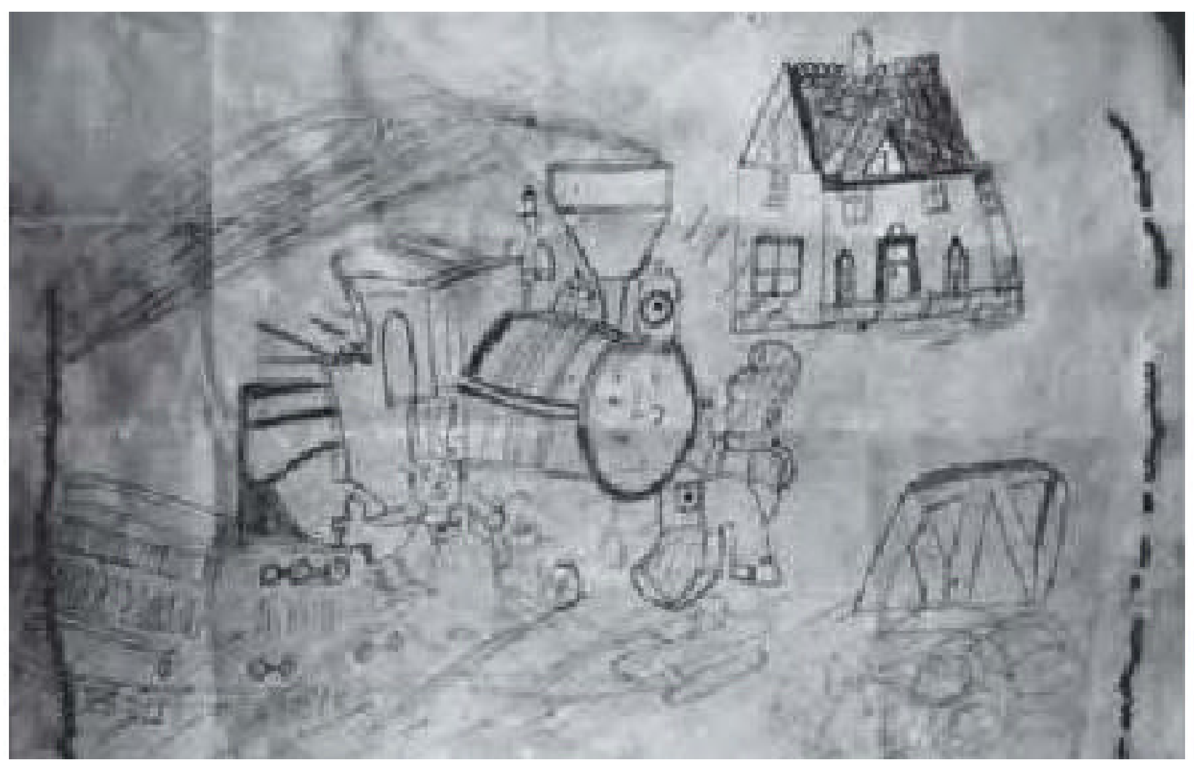
Otherworldly archives

University of Manitoba home to ghostly legacy. *by Henrietta Roi*

Seances, levitation, and eruptions of ectoplasm were just some of the paranormal activities allegedly documented by a Canadian spiritualist and his wife during the early twentieth century.

Between 1918 and 1935 Dr. Thomas Glendenning Hamilton and Lillian Hamilton studied paranormal phenomena in their Winnipeg home. Sparked by the death of their son, the Hamiltons conducted experiments that purported to use scientific methods to explore the psychic realm.

A wall of cameras was set up to capture phenomena from every angle. Using thorough documentary techniques, the Hamiltons accumulated more than 1,300 notes and more than 700 images that purportedly describe and depict ghostly activity.



Medium Mary Marshall drew this scene of a train wreck during a seance in 1950. Marshall claimed that her hand moved at the behest of a spirit named "Walter," who had died in the accident.

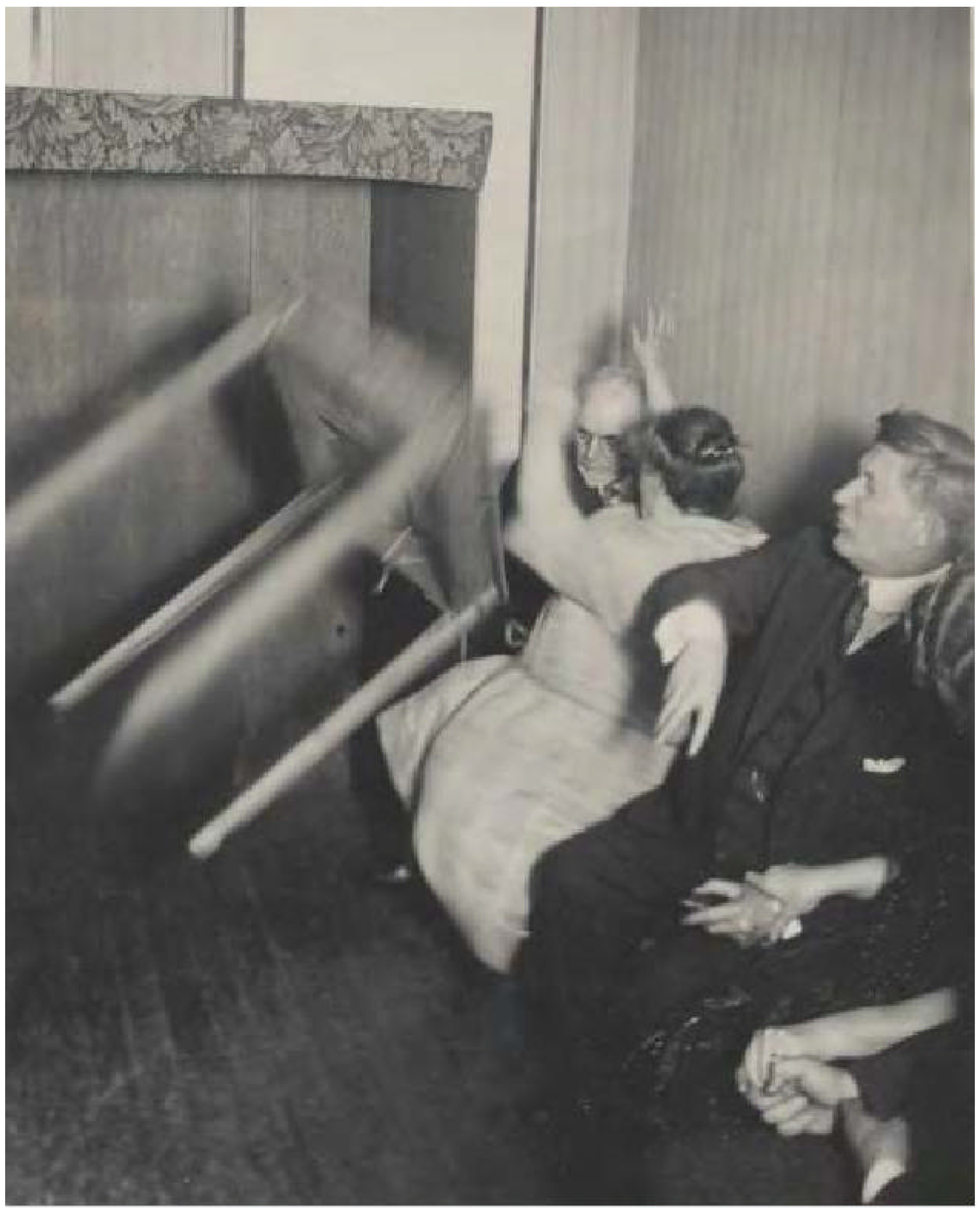
The collection is held at the University of Manitoba Archives.

U of M archivist Brian Hubner said that since it has been made available to the public, the collection has become world-renowned and has served as the inspiration for art, poetry, and even movies.

The Hamiltons' work garnered attention from other spiritualists of the time, including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King. Doyle is said to have returned to the Hamilton seances as a spirit after his death.

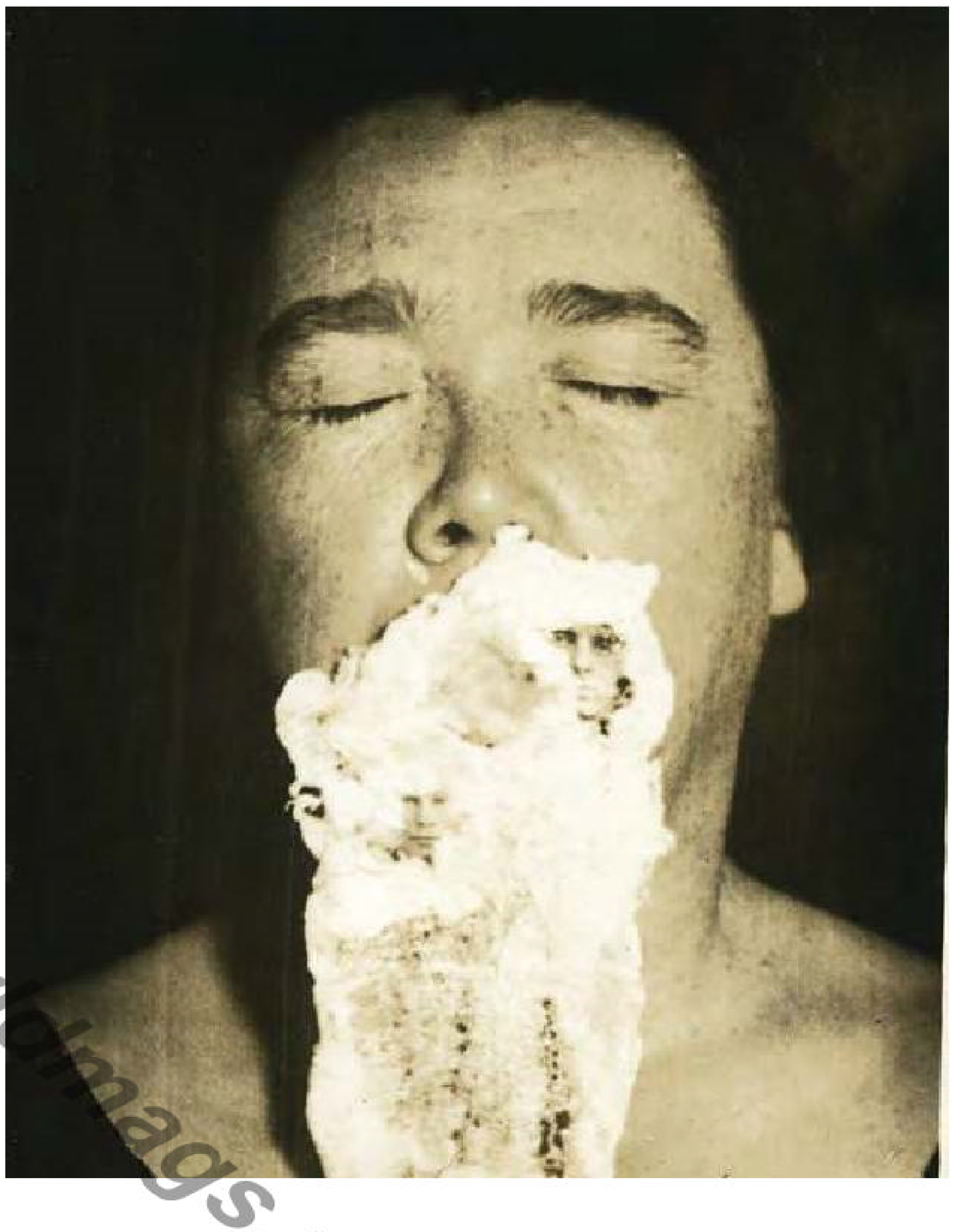
To watch a video interview with Archivist Brian Hubner, visit: CanadasHistory.ca/GhostlyArchives

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA ARCHIVES & SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - HAMILTON FAMILY FONDS (PC 12, A.79-41)



Above: Medium Elizabeth Poole, second from left, allegedly levitates a table during a seance in Winnipeg on March 20, 1927.

Below: Mary Marshall takes part in a seance on October 27, 1929. In the photo, a "teleplasmic mass" emanates from her mouth; upon closer inspection, the faces of two British soldiers who died in the First World War can be seen in the teleplasm.



TOP LEFT AND BOTTOM LEFT: UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA ARCHIVES & SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - HAMILTON FAMILY FONDS (PC 12, A.79-41)
TOP RIGHT: LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

BY THE NUMBERS

The Great Depression

WE WANT TO BE
CITIZENS
Not
TRANSIENTS

October 24, 1929, marked the beginning of a four-day stock market crash in the United States that had global ramifications. Canada, with its resource-based economy, suffered immensely. The pain was amplified by a drought that plagued Western Canada during the dirty thirties. The depression ended in 1939 with the advent of the Second World War, which kick-started the world's economies.

16,410,030

Number of shares sold on October 29, 1929, by panicked New York Stock Exchange investors. Today known as "Black Tuesday," the final day of the stock market crash wiped out billions of dollars of share value.

30%

Canada's national unemployment rate in 1933.

1935

Year that relief camp workers in Western Canada launched the On-to-Ottawa Trek to protest poor working conditions. The trek ended in Regina with a police crackdown that left one officer dead and injured hundreds of protesters.

Amount in cents paid per day to men working in federal unemployment relief camps, which operated from 1932 to 1936.

20

250,000

Approximate number of prairie homesteaders who, due to drought, abandoned their farms during the dirty thirties and relocated to other provinces.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Oh, deer!

They scamper through fields of clover and timothy and hug the shadows along forest edges. If there's any animal that's seemingly ubiquitous in southern Canada, it's the elegant and elusive deer.

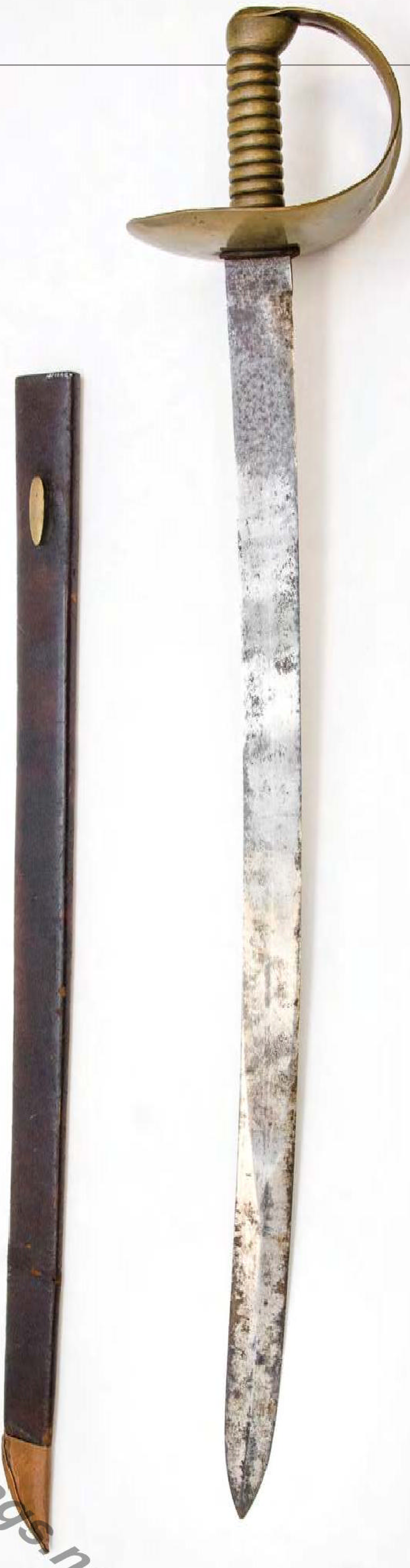
From the white-tailed variety of eastern and Central Canada to the mule deer and black-tailed deer of Western Canada, these gentle creatures have long been a source of sustenance for animal predators and humans alike.

In the Autumn 1962 issue of The Beaver, writer and photographer Leonard Lee Rue III travelled to northern Ontario to document the habits and habitats of Odocoileus virginianus, the white-tailed deer. Its range stretches from eastern and Central Canada through the United States and south all the way to Peru in South America.

In his article "White-Tailed Deer," Rue describes how, in 1535, French explorer Jacques Cartier marvelled at the abundance of "large stags and deer" while travelling up what became the St. Lawrence River. Nearly a century later, Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, also commented on the copious quantities of whitetails and wrote in his journal about Indigenous methods of hunting the animals. Later still, Jesuit explorer and historian Pierre-François-Xavier de Charlevoix wrote: "When we [the French] discovered this vast Continent it was full of Deer and other Beasts of the Chace."

Rue's photographs depict scenes of whitetail life, from images of doting does with newborn fawns to horned stags leaping through brush and jousting with other males during the autumn mating season. — Mark Collin Reid

The Canada's History Archive featuring *The Beaver*, *Canada's History,* and *Kayak* was made possible with the generous support of the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation. Visit **CanadasHistory.ca/Archive** to read ninety-plus years of stories.



ARTIFACT FROM THE MANITOBA MUSEUM (HBC 61-165) / PHOTO BY ANDREW WORKMAN

Cutlass and scabbard

Tales and Treasures from the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

The HBC Museum Collection contains four identical cutlasses and scabbards, all marked with *Labouchere*, after an HBC steamship that served the west coasts of Canada and the United States. It is unlikely that the crew needed to arm themselves for protection, so perhaps these were simply part of the uniform for those working aboard an HBC supply ship. *Labouchere* was a large steamship built in 1858 to replace smaller ones that worked the northwest coast trade routes, but she proved too costly to operate. In 1865, she was placed on the mail-and-passenger service between Victoria and San Francisco, California. In April 1866, she departed Victoria on her second run. Bound for San Francisco with one hundred passengers and a full cargo, she ran into heavy fog and grounded on a reef at Point Reyes, just north of San Francisco. Despite the best efforts of Captain William Mouat and his crew, she sank on April 15 with the loss of two lives. The cutlasses and scabbards made their way into the HBC Museum Collection in the 1920s and were part of displays in Hudson's Bay Company retail stores.

— Amelia Fay, curator of the HBC Collection at the Manitoba Museum

HUDSON'S BAY

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/Archive**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbcheritage.ca**, or follow HBC's Twitter and Instagram feeds at **@HBCHeritage.**

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PLUS 1919'S POLITICAL GAME CHANGER
RED RIVER 150 YEARS RESISTANCE
RIEL'S REBELLION
THE DRAMATIC STORY OF THE MÉTIS RESISTANCE THAT LED TO THE FOUNDING OF MANITOBA
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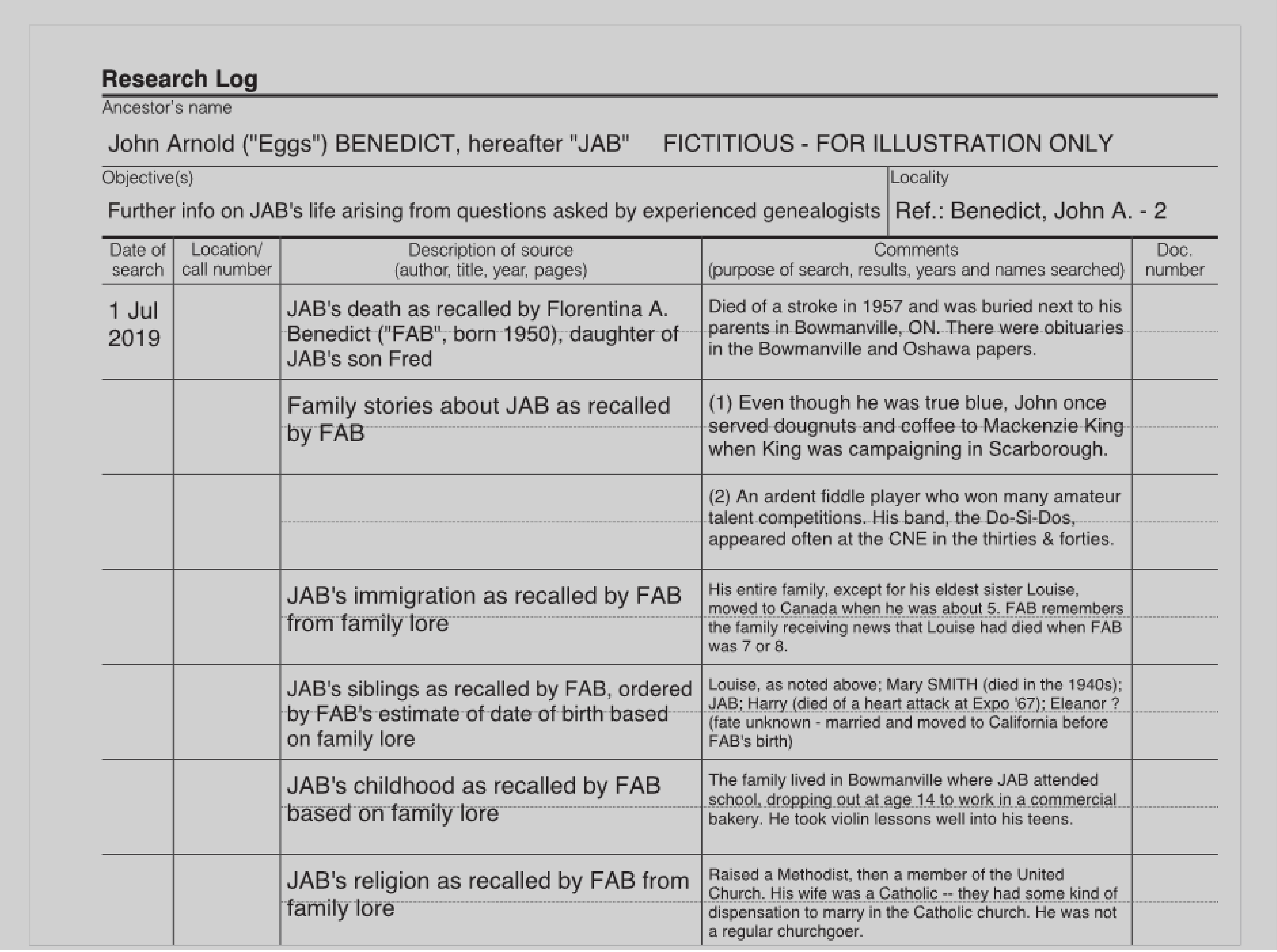
CANADA'S HISTORY



Research Log

Ancestor's name

John Arnold ("Eggs") BENEDICT, hereafter "JAB"   FICTITIOUS - FOR ILLUSTRATION ONLY

Objective(s): Further info on JAB's life arising from questions asked by experienced genealogists

Locality: Ref.: Benedict, John A. - 2

Date of search	Location/ call number	Description of source (author, title, year, pages)	Comments (purpose of search, results, years and names searched)	Doc. number
1 Jul 2019		JAB's death as recalled by Florentina A. Benedict ("FAB", born 1950), daughter of JAB's son Fred	Died of a stroke in 1957 and was buried next to his parents in Bowmanville, ON. There were obituaries in the Bowmanville and Oshawa papers.	
		Family stories about JAB as recalled by FAB	(1) Even though he was true blue, John once served dougnuts and coffee to Mackenzie King when King was campaigning in Scarborough.	
			(2) An ardent fiddle player who won many amateur talent competitions. His band, the Do-Si-Dos, appeared often at the CNE in the thirties & forties.	
		JAB's immigration as recalled by FAB from family lore	His entire family, except for his eldest sister Louise, moved to Canada when he was about 5. FAB remembers the family receiving news that Louise had died when FAB was 7 or 8.	
		JAB's siblings as recalled by FAB, ordered by FAB's estimate of date of birth based on family lore	Louise, as noted above; Mary SMITH (died in the 1940s); JAB; Harry (died of a heart attack at Expo '67); Eleanor ? (fate unknown - married and moved to California before FAB's birth)	
		JAB's childhood as recalled by FAB based on family lore	The family lived in Bowmanville where JAB attended school, dropping out at age 14 to work in a commercial bakery. He took violin lessons well into his teens.	
		JAB's religion as recalled by FAB from family lore	Raised a Methodist, then a member of the United Church. His wife was a Catholic -- they had some kind of dispensation to marry in the Catholic church. He was not a regular churchgoer.	

More information about John "Eggs" Benedict. See the complete document at CanadasHistory.ca.

Second steps for family historians

Fix the omissions in your first steps. *by Paul Jones*

Last time, we learned how to jump-start research into your family history by filling in an ancestry chart with information available from family lore and documents readily at hand.

You were then tasked with selecting a grandparent and exhausting all family resources for every shred of information about this person — documented facts, doubtful memories, even rumours.

Finally, you met the fictitious but pedagogically helpful John "Eggs" Benedict, whose life I had similarly summarized by assuming the identity of his equally fictitious granddaughter Florentina A. Benedict (hereafter "FAB").

How did you do on your homework? I can't see your notes, but I can comment on the information gathered about John by FAB. Perhaps the following critique of her work could also be applied to yours. Here's what FAB mostly got right, considering the limited information at her disposal:

- She actually took the first step. A tree of a thousand branches begins with a single ancestor.
- She included two of John's major life events, birth and marriage, but omitted his death. Did you remember to report on all three for your grandparent?
- She recorded what she knew about her grandfather's parents and children.
- She covered John's military service and civilian occupations.
- She noted the source of each piece of information, recorded her brother's memories where they differed from her own, and was not afraid to supply estimates, date ranges, and fragmentary information when that was all she had. Did you hesitate to put something in writing because it might be wrong? Caring about truth is a good instinct for a researcher, but there will be a time for that later. Right now, your goal is to amass all the leads and hints you can.

In other respects, FAB might have done better:

- She did not adequately identify herself. She is John's granddaughter, but which of John's children was her parent?
- What about the one surviving member of the previous generation, Uncle Bob in Oshawa? FAB must harvest his memories before the Grim Reaper moves in.

FAB overlooked many facets of John's life. Perhaps she didn't think they were important, and maybe they're not. The thing is, you don't know what's important until you see the big picture. For example:

- John was born in England, but when did he emigrate to Canada? Where did he live during his childhood? Where was he educated?
- Did John have siblings? Did some of them stay in the United Kingdom, or did they all come to Canada? Does FAB know anything about these collateral lines of the family?
- In what religion was John raised? What was the significance of his marriage in a Catholic church? Did anyone ever mention his baptism or confirmation?
- Where did John and Elizabeth live? Did they own real estate?
- Was John buried or cremated? Is there a memorial somewhere? What about a published obituary? Did he leave a will that recognized members of his extended family?
- Apart from one newspaper clipping, FAB mentioned no family memorabilia. Someone in the extended family must have a trove of material. Ditto photos.
- And above all, what made John a fully rounded person? Where are the stories of his life? Did he have special skills or enjoy a hobby? Where did he travel? Did he encounter famous people or participate in epochal events? What about clubs and fraternal organizations? John and wife Elizabeth lost eight-year-old daughter Esther — this tragedy must have roiled the family for years.

Now that you've read a critique of FAB's work, you can add newly recalled details to your own grandparent's life summary. Indeed, it's time to write up page two of your research findings. To lead by example, FAB has done exactly this in the accompanying chart.

At long last it's time to break new ground, and to stretch beyond family resources. We need to confirm (or correct) and to build upon all the evidence you've amassed. That's where we'll head next time.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogist.

PAUL JONES

Abbé Noël-Joseph Ritchot, circa 1870s.

THE PRIEST WHO SHAPED A PROVINCE

Abbé Noël-Joseph Ritchot gave legitimacy to the cause of Louis Riel and the militant Red River Métis, and he was central to Manitoba joining Confederation.

by Philippe Mailhot

On the south grounds of the Manitoba legislative building stands a larger-than-life statue of Louis Riel that recognizes the Métis leader's pivotal role in the creation of Canada's fifth province. In its literal shadow is a bronze National Historic Sites and Monuments Board plaque commemorating Noël-Joseph Ritchot, the Red River missionary who actually negotiated Manitoba's entry into Confederation.

Although his role was almost equal to that of Riel, Abbé Ritchot, despite being Riel's éminence grise, rarely merits more than a brief historical footnote. Baptized as Joseph-Noël, he also signed as Noël or N.J. He was deeply involved with the Red River Settlement's activist Métis before Riel became their leader and the voice of the resistance to Canadian rule. From the summer of 1869, when he first helped to legitimize and to support Riel's emergence as a leader, and continuing until the latter's departure for Montana, Ritchot acted as Riel's trusted confidant, mentor, chief diplomat, advocate, and lobbyist.

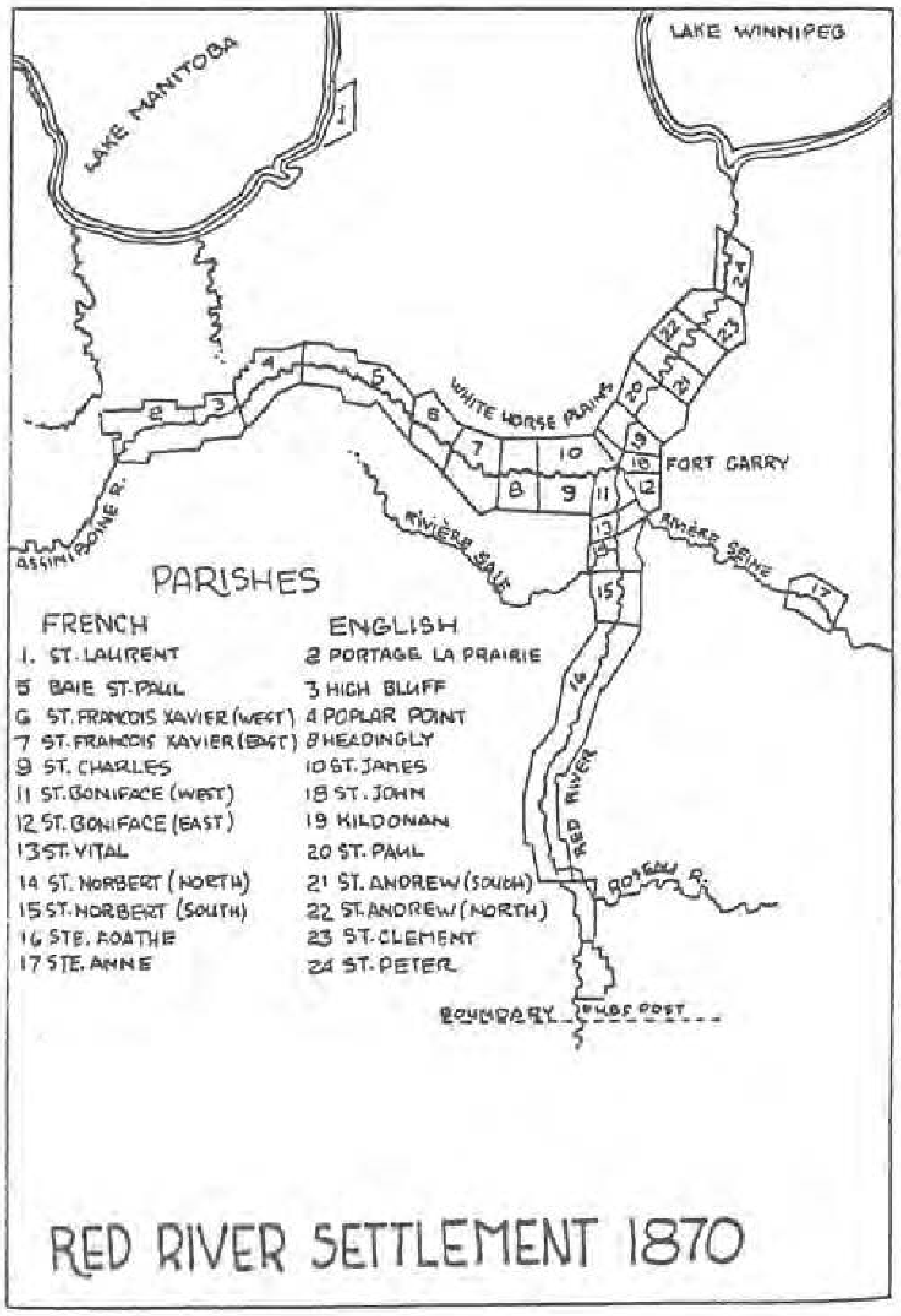
The Red River Settlement of the 1860s was no longer an isolated fur trade outpost. The old water routes to York Factory on Hudson Bay and to Montreal had been superseded by ox cart trails to St. Paul, Minnesota. The communal Métis bison hunts that once saw hundreds of two-wheeled Red River carts return to Fort Garry laden with pemmican were now having difficulty locating the ever-diminishing herds. Years of drought and grasshopper infestations devastated the settlement's river-lot farms that stretched three kilometres back from the water.

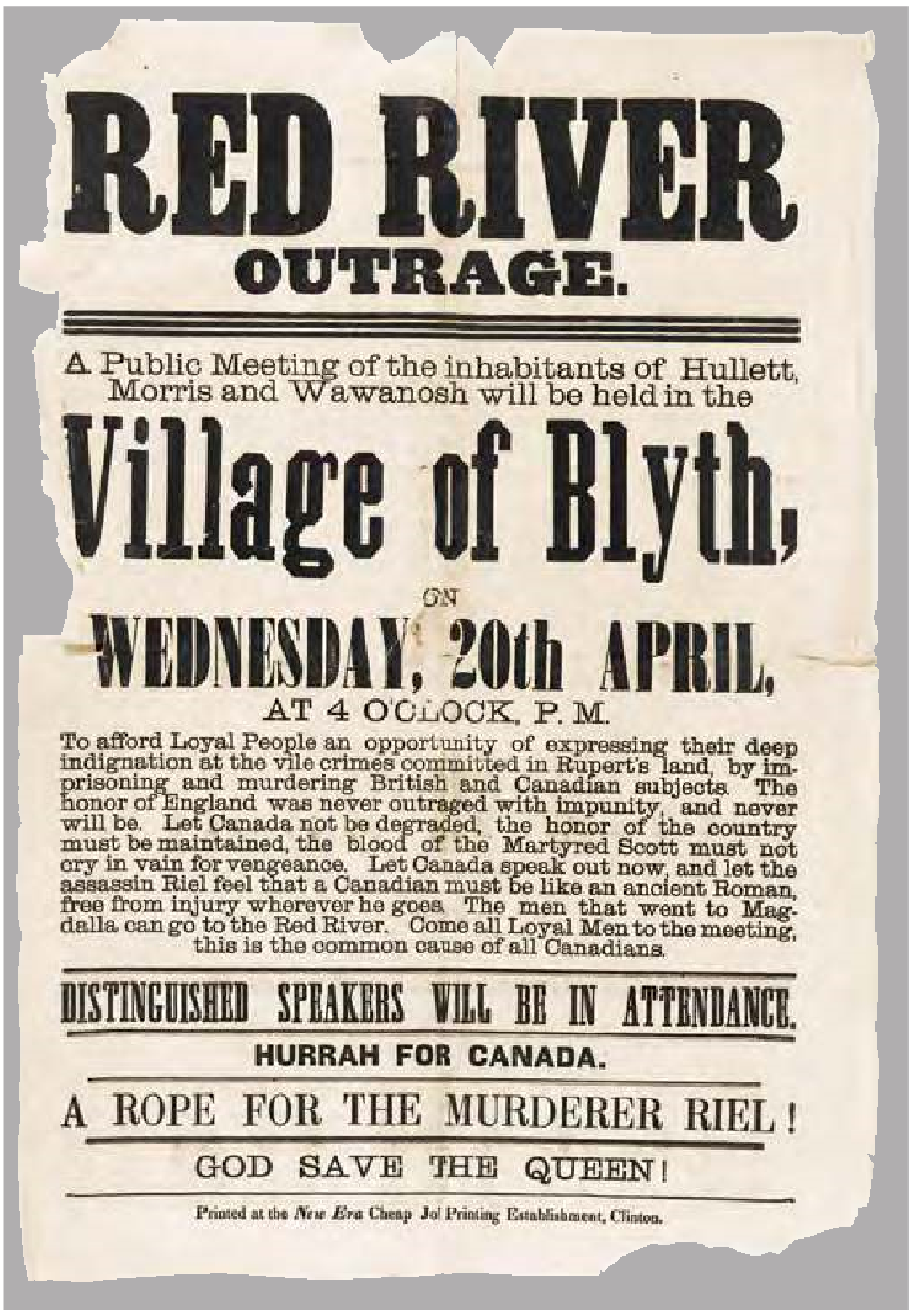
The demographics of the settlement were changing as well. The predominantly Métis parishes, both English- and French-speaking, had grown steadily since the initial wave of laid-off fur trade employees was invited to settle at the Forks — the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine rivers in what is now downtown Winnipeg — by the Hudson's Bay Company after it merged with the North West Company in 1821. By the 1850s, agricultural land had become harder to find in Upper Canada. The prairie west, "empty" save for the First Nations peoples, the Métis, and the fur traders who lived there, in some cases for many generations, became a tempting new frontier for Upper Canadian ambitions. These newcomers trusted that the lands they occupied with the permission of the HBC would soon become part of Canada. Many took up farming near Portage la Prairie, about fifty kilometres to the west of the Red River Settlement. Commercially minded settlers began to expand the small village of Winnipeg where the Portage Trail met Main Street, about a kilometre and a half north of what is now known as Upper Fort Garry.

The self-styled Canadian Party, a new movement led and embodied by Dr. John Christian Schultz and the newspaper the *Nor'Wester*, took shape. An imposing figure, Schultz personified the Anglo-Ontarian intolerance of all things Catholic and French that had made Canadian politics such a balancing act in the 1850s and 1860s. He was a bombastic supporter of union with Canada who had little but contempt for the HBC and most of the long-time residents of the Red River Settlement.

Fear of a "second Quebec" to the west lurked in the minds of many Ontarians, both those who still lived in the province and those who had moved to Red River. The arrogant and

OPPOSITE PAGE: MANITOBA ARCHIVES SIS N12782


LAKE WINNIPEG
LAKE MANITOBA
WHITE HORSE PLAINS
FORT GARRY
ASSINIBOINE R.
RIVIÈRE SALE
RIVIÈRE SEINE
RED RIVER
ROSEAU R.
BOUNDARY
H.B.C. POST
PARISHES
FRENCH
1. ST. LAURENT
5 BAIE ST. PAUL
6 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER (WEST)
7 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER (EAST)
9 ST. CHARLES
11 ST. BONIFACE (WEST)
12 ST. BONIFACE (EAST)
13 ST. VITAL
14 ST. NORBERT (NORTH)
15 ST. NORBERT (SOUTH)
16 STE. AGATHE
17 STE. ANNE
ENGLISH
2 PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
3 HIGH BLUFF
4 POPLAR POINT
8 HEADINGLY
10 ST. JAMES
18 ST. JOHN
19 KILDONAN
20 ST. PAUL
21 ST. ANDREW (SOUTH)
22 ST. ANDREW (NORTH)
23 ST. CLEMENT
24 ST. PETER
RED RIVER SETTLEMENT 1870



RED RIVER

OUTRAGE.

A Public Meeting of the inhabitants of Hullett, Morris and Wawanosh will be held in the

Village of Blyth,

ON

WEDNESDAY, 20th APRIL,

AT 4 O'CLOCK, P. M.

To afford Loyal People an opportunity of expressing their deep indignation at the vile crimes committed in Rupert's land, by imprisoning and murdering British and Canadian subjects. The honor of England was never outraged with impunity, and never will be. Let Canada not be degraded, the honor of the country must be maintained, the blood of the Martyred Scott must not cry in vain for vengeance. Let Canada speak out now, and let the assassin Riel feel that a Canadian must be like an ancient Roman, free from injury wherever he goes. The men that went to Magdalla can go to the Red River. Come all Loyal Men to the meeting, this is the common cause of all Canadians.

DISTINGUISHED SPEAKERS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

HURRAH FOR CANADA.

A ROPE FOR THE MURDERER RIEL!

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Printed at the *New Era* Cheap Job Printing Establishment, Clinton.

Above left: A list of the French and English parishes that existed in the Red River Settlement in 1870. Above right: A public notice calls for an emergency meeting on April 20, 1870, to discuss the "Red River Outrage." It also calls for Métis leader Louis Riel's hanging.

disrespectful "Canadas" — members of the Canadian Party — were contemptuous of local HBC authorities, to the point of organizing what they described as the liberation of prisoners they felt had been jailed unfairly. In the words of historian George Stanley, "They challenged the Company régime, they ridiculed it, they refused to obey its orders, they tore the trappings of dignity from it, they bared its nakedness and revealed its puny muscles."

The *British North America Act* of 1867 had made provision for the new Dominion to acquire the region. After all, the dream of a British North America, bonded by railways stretching from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, could only be fulfilled by acquiring the vast territories known as Rupert's Land that belonged to the HBC. As the company's stockholders saw a way to reap profits through real estate as opposed to furs, serious discussions between Canada and the HBC approached their culmination in the spring of 1869. As Canada prepared for the transfer, no one on either side of the Atlantic saw fit to let the ten thousand-plus residents of the Red River Settlement know how the Dominion would treat them, their landholdings, or what they saw as their rights and customs.

John Christian Schultz, circa 1860s.

The behaviour of Prime Minister John A. Macdonald's administration confirmed the poor regard in which Canada was already held among the original residents of Red River. When starvation threatened the settlement in 1868, Canadian "aid" took the form of a crew sent to build the Dawson Road, which would link the settlement to Lake of the Woods for the benefit of colonists from Canada. The crew's arrival and mission were a complete surprise to local HBC authorities. The Métis employed on the project were paid in vouchers, which were redeemable only at the store owned by the hated Schultz and at its inflated prices.

Details of the transfer of HBC lands to Canada came into the settlement either through the pages of the *Nor'Wester*, which extolled the move, or via the annexationist press in St. Paul, which predicted dire consequences for the original settlers. By late in June 1869, tension had become particularly high among the French Métis, who felt especially vulnerable and maligned by the Canadas. They found sympathy, support, and guidance in the curé of St. Norbert, Abbé Noël-Joseph Ritchot.

Born in L'Assomption, Lower Canada, in 1825, Ritchot had been appointed to St. Norbert shortly after his arrival at Red River in 1862. A burly man with an impressive beard,

TOP LEFT: COURTESY OF PHILIPPE MAILHOT. TOP RIGHT: MANITOBA ARCHIVES SIS N10307. BOTTOM: MANITOBA ARCHIVES SIS N10480

he remains a legendary figure among the Métis.

One story had it that a man arrived at a St. Norbert store looking to challenge the strongest man around. Ritchot lifted a hundred-pound (forty-five-kilogram) sack of flour onto the counter with one hand, which prompted the brawler to make a quick exit. Ritchot saw the Métis as an isolated and embattled extension of French Canada; he shared their suspicion of *les anglais* and understood that their lifestyle, which he respected, was suited to their environment. The large Acadian community in L'Assomption, also wary of the English, may have helped to inspire Ritchot's passionate desire to support the Métis. That desire would place him squarely in the path of those who wanted to oppose Riel and to remake the Red River Settlement into a firmly English-speaking and Protestant community.

In the eyes of Riel's enemies, the Métis leader and his followers were pawns in a "Popish plot" to thwart Ontario's ambitions in the West. Ritchot and Red River's diplomatic and conciliatory bishop, Alexandre-Antonin Taché, were cast as the true agitators behind the movement. In the eyes of the Canadian Party, the Catholic Church had too much influence and represented a local example of the menace they believed existed in Quebec.

A promising student, Riel had been sent east from the Red River Settlement at the age of fourteen in the hope that he would continue his education and come back as a Catholic priest. Returning ten years later, in July 1868, Riel was young to assume a leadership position in a traditional Métis sense. He and his plans were bolstered by Ritchot's support, and there is no evidence that Riel was in any way subservient to Ritchot, or especially to Taché.

Speculating that land claims made prior to the transfer of territory from the HBC would later be recognized by the Dominion, two leading members of the Dawson Road survey crew attempted to stake out lands just west of St. Norbert late in June 1869. But John Snow and Charles Mair were chased off by Baptiste Tourond — who would later serve in several of the settlement's legislative bodies — and others. The region southwest of the Forks was regarded as part of the Métis birthright via an *entente nationale* (a nation-to-nation agreement) with the English Métis.

From his St. Norbert pulpit at Sunday mass, Ritchot announced that Tourond had called for an assembly the next day. Notes on the early days of the resistance, which Ritchot prepared later, make it clear that the priest was in attendance and was more than a simple observer. He participated freely in this and other meetings unhindered by any interference from the absent bishop. Indeed, Taché, anticipating difficulties in the settlement, had stopped in Ottawa while on his way to Rome to offer his influence as an intermediary. He was brushed off by George-Étienne Cartier, the federal minister of militia and defence, but was later summoned home by the Canadian government in the hope that he could pacify his flock.

Louis Riel, second row centre, is surrounded by key members of the Métis provisional government in December 1869.

ST. BONIFACE ARCHIVES SHSB05009

Father Georges Dugast summarized the opinions of the Métis — and of Ritchot — in a mid-August note to Taché. "How is it that, since we have not been sold as slaves, a foreign government has the right to come here to make us laws, to take possession of a country that belongs to us, without consulting us in any manner," he wrote. "We will not refuse to become a part of the Confederation. But we are men and we will not enter like cattle."

Anticipating that Canadian immigration to the area would pick up in the spring of 1870, Canada sent out John Stoughton Dennis and his survey crews in July 1869. As Ritchot later informed Cartier, Dennis and his crew referred to each other with titles such as "colonel, major, captain; in the end to the final valet, they bestowed themselves with titles and airs of grandeur." In his account, Ritchot also noted that, "excited solely by a young man of theirs" — namely, Riel — a small group decided that it had to act against "the injustice and the injury being made to the nation by Canada." And so, on October 11, 1869, Riel and others placed their feet on the survey chain of a Canadian crew and told them they had no right to work on lands claimed by the Métis.

The challenge quickly made Riel and his followers a force to be dealt with. Powerless before the ambitions of Canada, the local HBC authorities were equally ineffective in deterring Riel from advancing his program, first to prevent the assumption of Canadian authority and then to persuade the other settlers to support his efforts to negotiate entry into Confederation. Riel intended that this would be achieved by organizing the settlement's first democratically elected provisional government to administer the territory and to draw up a list of rights that would serve as a basis for discussion.

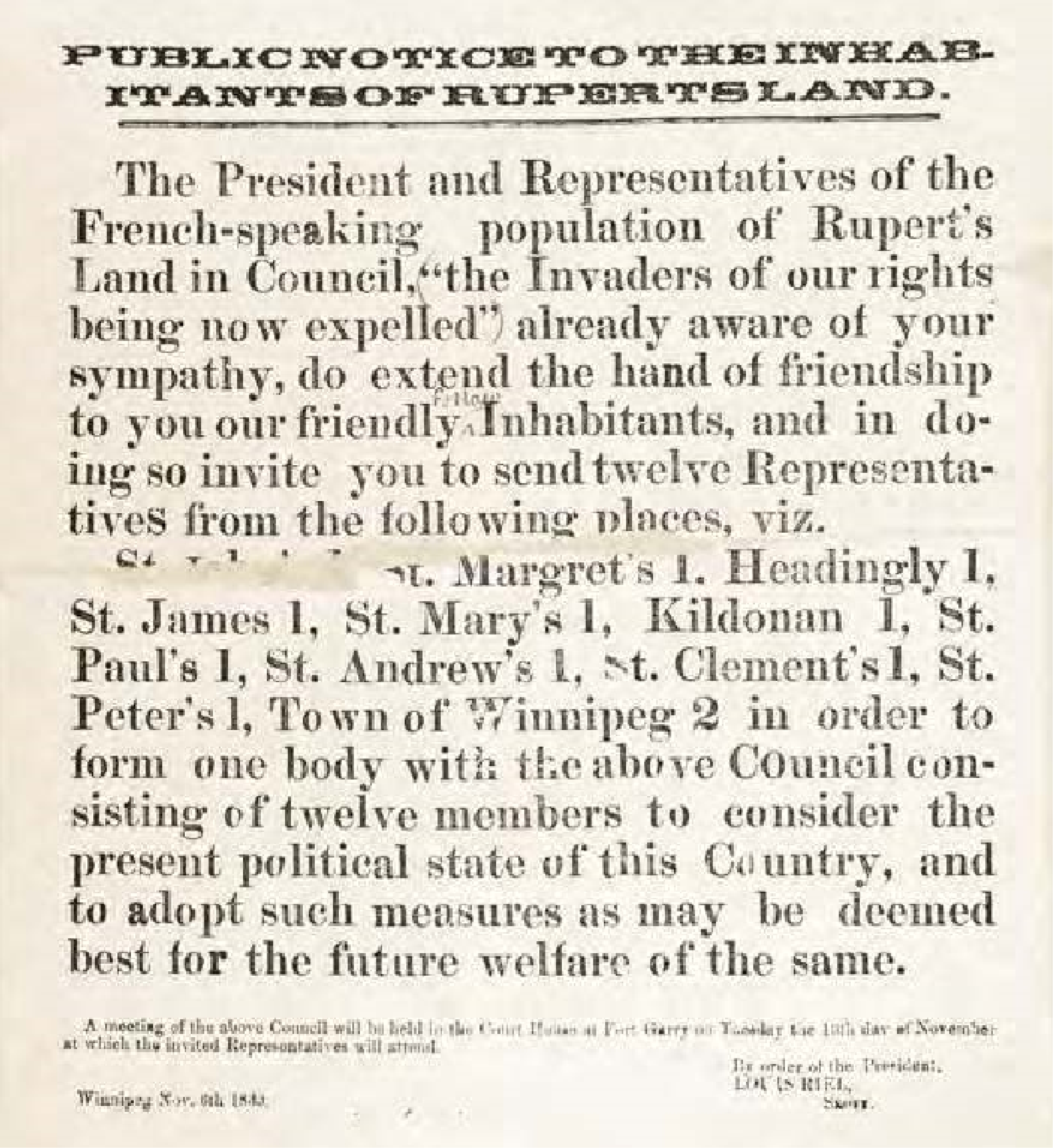
Not that there was much evidence of good faith on Ottawa's part. Even before the execution of Thomas Scott, whom a military tribunal had found guilty of treason against Riel's provisional government, Macdonald had taken steps to undermine Riel. A participant in several counter-insurgencies in the settlement, Scott was a difficult prisoner who repeatedly threatened to shoot Riel and who even angered his fellow captives with his violent proposals.

The HBC's Donald A. Smith, who would later become the company's governor, was sent to Red River as a federal commissioner. He spoke of Canada's good intentions and willingness to negotiate, all the while distributing Canadian funds to Riel's enemies. Failing in his secret mission — counter-coups by the Canadas had fizzled miserably — Smith executed his cover mission. In February, he extended the invitation for a delegation from Red River to go to Ottawa to negotiate an end to the crisis. The leader of the delegation would be Riel's trusted confidant, Ritchot.

Although Fort Garry had replaced St. Norbert as the headquarters of the resistance, Ritchot had continued his involvement. On December 1, 1869, in the teeth of a howling blizzard, William McDougall ineffectively proclaimed the assumption of Canadian rule over the Northwest and his role as lieutenant-governor of the territory. At the request of Riel, Ritchot and Dugast drafted a rebuttal that was printed on the press of the *Nor'Wester*, which the Métis had seized. The "Declaration of the People of Rupert's Land and the North West" was signed by Riel as secretary of the provisional government and by John Bruce in one of his final acts as figurehead president.

In the last days of 1869, Dr. Charles Tupper (who later became prime minister) arrived in the region to recover his daughter, whose husband, Captain Donald R. Cameron, had been a member of McDougall's presumptive administration. On October 30, Cameron had arrived at La Barrière, the Métis stronghold in St. Norbert. The bridles of his horses were seized, and his wagon of household belongings was confiscated. He was then ordered to return to Pembina, south of the U.S. border. When Tupper arrived in Fort Garry, he was sent to St. Norbert, where Cameron's horses, carriage, and household goods arrived the next day. Tupper later wrote about telling Ritchot that the "rebels" could never hold the country and that, if bloodletting could be avoided, the leaders "would be entitled to great consideration." Ritchot's response was apparently to say that the Métis could simply withdraw to the plains and fight indefinitely until aided by the Americans, perhaps suggesting that annexationists in St. Paul would be eager to join the fray.

The activist priest was also involved in discussions about whether the sentence of death would be carried out against Thomas Scott. Taché's successor, Bishop Adélard Langevin, later claimed that Ritchot had told Riel that he did not question the right to execute Scott but had endeavoured to dissuade him. (This assertion was countered by Riel's brother Joseph, as well as in an affidavit sworn by André Nault and Elzéar Lagimodière the same year. The two men attested that Riel attempted to have the tribunal spare Scott's life.) For his part, Ritchot was said to have declared, "Make an example of him. If you do not execute this man, they will begin again."



PUBLIC NOTICE TO THE INHABITANTS OF RUPERT'S LAND.

The President and Representatives of the French-speaking population of Rupert's Land in Council, ("the Invaders of our rights being now expelled") already aware of your sympathy, do extend the hand of friendship to you our friendly Fellow Inhabitants, and in doing so invite you to send twelve Representatives from the following places, viz.

[illegible] St. Margret's 1. Headingly 1, St. James 1, St. Mary's 1, Kildonan 1, St. Paul's 1, St. Andrew's 1, St. Clement's 1, St. Peter's 1, Town of Winnipeg 2 in order to form one body with the above Council consisting of twelve members to consider the present political state of this Country, and to adopt such measures as may be deemed best for the future welfare of the same.

A meeting of the above Council will be held in the Court House at Fort Garry on Tuesday the 16th day of November at which the invited Representatives will attend.

By order of the President,
LOUIS RIEL,
Secry.

Winnipeg Nov. 6th 1869.

An 1869 public notice calls for English parishes to meet with French Métis leaders to discuss the political future of the Red River region.

MANITOBA ARCHIVES

In the third week of March 1870, as authorized by the provisional government of Assiniboia, Ritchot, Judge John Black, and Alfred Scott left for Ottawa. The chief law officer of the settlement, Black represented the English settlers. Scott, a bartender, represented the American element. With Ontario in an uproar over Thomas Scott's execution, Ritchot and the saloon-keeper travelled via the United States to Ogdensburg, New York. From there, for their safety, they were escorted to Ottawa by Gilbert McMicken, the Dominion police commissioner who was also Macdonald's spy chief.

Ritchot and Scott arrived in Ottawa on April 12. They were soon joined by Black, who had no fear of travelling through Ontario. Prior to the start of negotiations, Scott and Ritchot were twice briefly arrested on warrants that had been privately sworn by Thomas Scott's brother. The arrests angered the British, who were informed that Canada had secretly paid the delegates' defence costs. Ritchot used the time to hold informal discussions with Cartier, the militia minister and, later, acting prime minister during Macdonald's extended illness, and with Secretary of State Joseph Howe and Governor General John Young, Baron Lisgar. Ritchot pushed to have the Red River delegation formally recognized as diplomats and for a start to the talks.

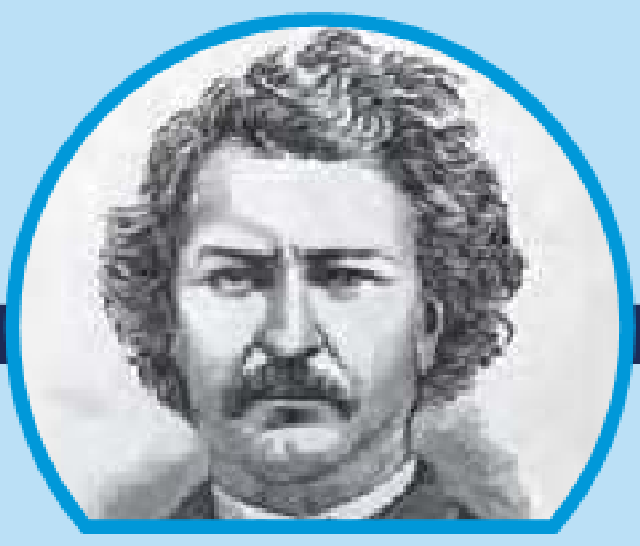
On April 25, the formal negotiations with Macdonald and Cartier finally began, in secret, in Cartier's home. They concluded eight days later, with Macdonald later denying that they had happened. When presenting the *Manitoba Act* in the House of Commons on May 2, he claimed, "we have discussed the proposed Constitution with such persons who have been in the North West as we have had an opportunity of meeting." If Macdonald or Cartier took any notes from the talks, they have either been destroyed or their whereabouts are unknown.

Macdonald struggled with an almost impossible balancing act, one that may have led to a breakdown in his health. On

TURMOIL IN RED RIVER

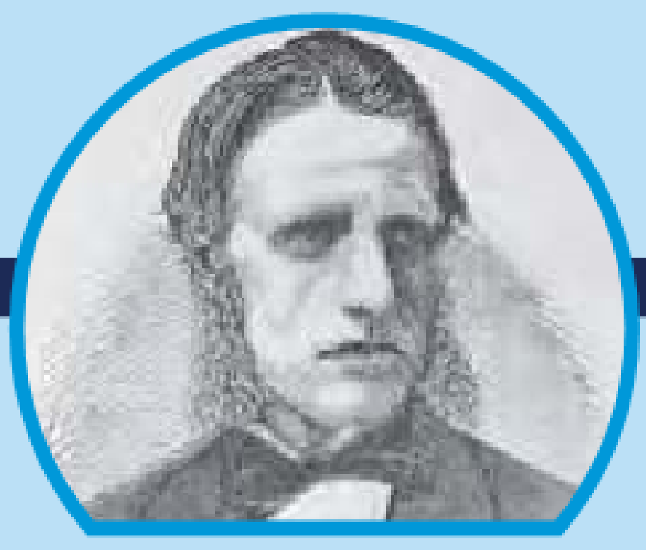
1869

APRIL Canada sets December 1 as the date for the transfer of Hudson's Bay Company rights to Rupert's Land, its huge territory in what is now western and northern Canada, in exchange for £300,000, twenty per cent of arable land, and reserves around former company posts.



OCTOBER 11 Louis Riel and other Métis halt a Canadian crew starting surveys before the land has been transferred.

OCTOBER 21 The militant Métis establish an armed camp at St. Norbert and erect a barricade, decreeing that William McDougall, the Canadian-appointed lieutenant-governor, is not to enter the territory without permission.



DECEMBER 1 McDougall proclaims Canadian authority over the Red River region, but calls for local armed support ultimately fail, strengthening Riel's efforts to create a provisional government.

1870

MARCH 4 The execution of Thomas Scott fuels outrage in Ontario and hardens Prime Minister John A. Macdonald's determination to send troops west.

APRIL-MAY Negotiations conducted mainly by Abbé Noël-Joseph Ritchot and acting Prime Minister George-Étienne Cartier result in the passage of the *Manitoba Act*. Cartier promises that, even though the act does not contain everything agreed upon, informal agreements will be honoured.

JUNE 24 Based on Ritchot's report on the negotiations and on Cartier's assurances, the legislative assembly of Assiniboia, the governing body of the Red River Settlement, agrees to enter Confederation.

JULY 15 Manitoba becomes Canada's fifth province.

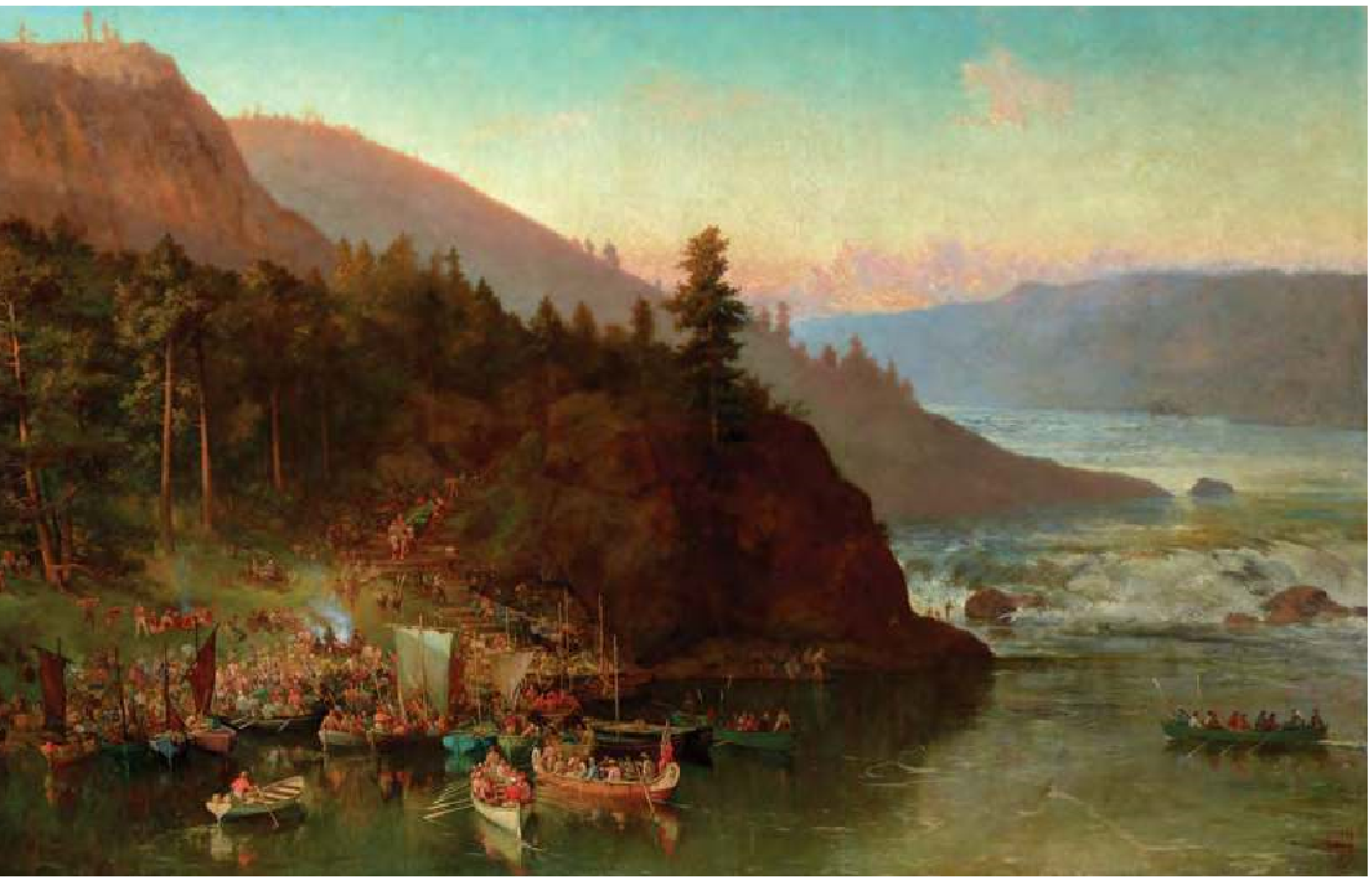
AUGUST 24 A military expedition of 1,200 British regulars and Canadian militia heads west under the command of Colonel Garnet Wolseley. Although the federal government insists that it is a peaceful undertaking, Wolseley's troops are bent on battle. Riel is forced to flee south, and the "Reign of Terror" begins at the hands of Ontario volunteers seeking revenge for Scott's execution.

CONCLUSION

Riel took up the Métis cause again in Saskatchewan, but his forces were defeated at the Battle of Batoche in May 1885. He was convicted of treason and hanged in November 1885. In his last known letter to Ritchot, Riel wrote that he had tried to walk "in the footsteps of a man such as you Father." Ritchot continued to serve his parish in St. Norbert until his death of natural causes in 1905.

one hand, he wanted to offer the absolute minimum required to settle and to have Britain approve his desired joint British-Canadian expedition to impose federal rule in Red River. On the other hand there was growing tension between the Canada First movement, an Anglo-Protestant nationalist movement centred in Ontario whose members were agitating for Thomas Scott to be avenged, and Quebec Conservatives sympathetic to Riel and the Métis. In a letter dated February 23, 1870, Macdonald wrote to a friend, "These impulsive half-breeds have got spoilt . . . and must be kept down by a strong hand until they are swamped by the influx of settlers." For their part, authorities in London had written to Macdonald on March 5, saying, "The proposed military assistance will be given if reasonable terms are given to the Roman Catholic Settlers. . . ."

Ritchot maintained an "Ottawa Journal" that detailed both the discussions and his time in the capital. Stanley notes that reading between the lines of the diary reveals Black as being amenable to anything Canada proposed. And, although it is seldom mentioned in Ritchot's notes, others have suggested that Alfred Scott favoured the bar at the Russell Hotel over the negotiation table. Cartier and Ritchot dominated the discussions, and both apparently approached them with sincerity.



The Red River Expedition at Kakabeka Falls, an 1877 painting by Frances Anne Hopkins, depicts the arduous 1870 portage conducted by the militia under Colonel Garnet Wolseley.

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Ritchot quickly secured concessions that included immediate provincial status for Red River, the ability to maintain its bilingual institutions, protections for denominational schools, and financial arrangements that included per-capita grants as well as avoiding liability for Canada's existing debts. Significantly, Ritchot also received assurances that a general amnesty for all residents who participated in the resistance at Red River would be proclaimed before the arrival of any British or Canadian troops. Days before receiving the suggestion from Riel that Assiniboia or Manitoba would be appropriate names for the new province, he inserted the word "Manitoba" in the blank space provided for the name of the new entity on a printed draft of the legislation. The name comes from the Ojibway, who said Manito-bau, the voice of Manitou, the Great Spirit, could be heard at the narrows of the lake of the same name.

On the first day of the discussions, Ritchot had described the issuance of a general amnesty as a *sine qua non* of any agreement between Manitoba and Canada. As he stated three years later in a petition to then Governor General Lord Dufferin, "The ordinary practice is not to invite rebels to treat, and negotiations are not entered into with the delegates if it is not proposed in case arrangements are effected, to pass the sponge over the past and proclaim a general amnesty for all acts anterior to the arrangements."

Macdonald and Cartier declared that such an amnesty would have to emanate from the Crown and claimed that they could easily arrange to have one issued. However, Ritchot's efforts to document this commitment ended in failure, with Macdonald later denying ever having made the promise. The sincere if overconfident Cartier nonetheless provided Ritchot with an ambiguous statement that referred to a meeting he and Ritchot had had with Governor General Young. At that meeting, they were supposedly told that "the liberal policy which the Government proposed to follow in relation to the persons for whom you are interesting yourself is correct, and is that which ought to be adopted."

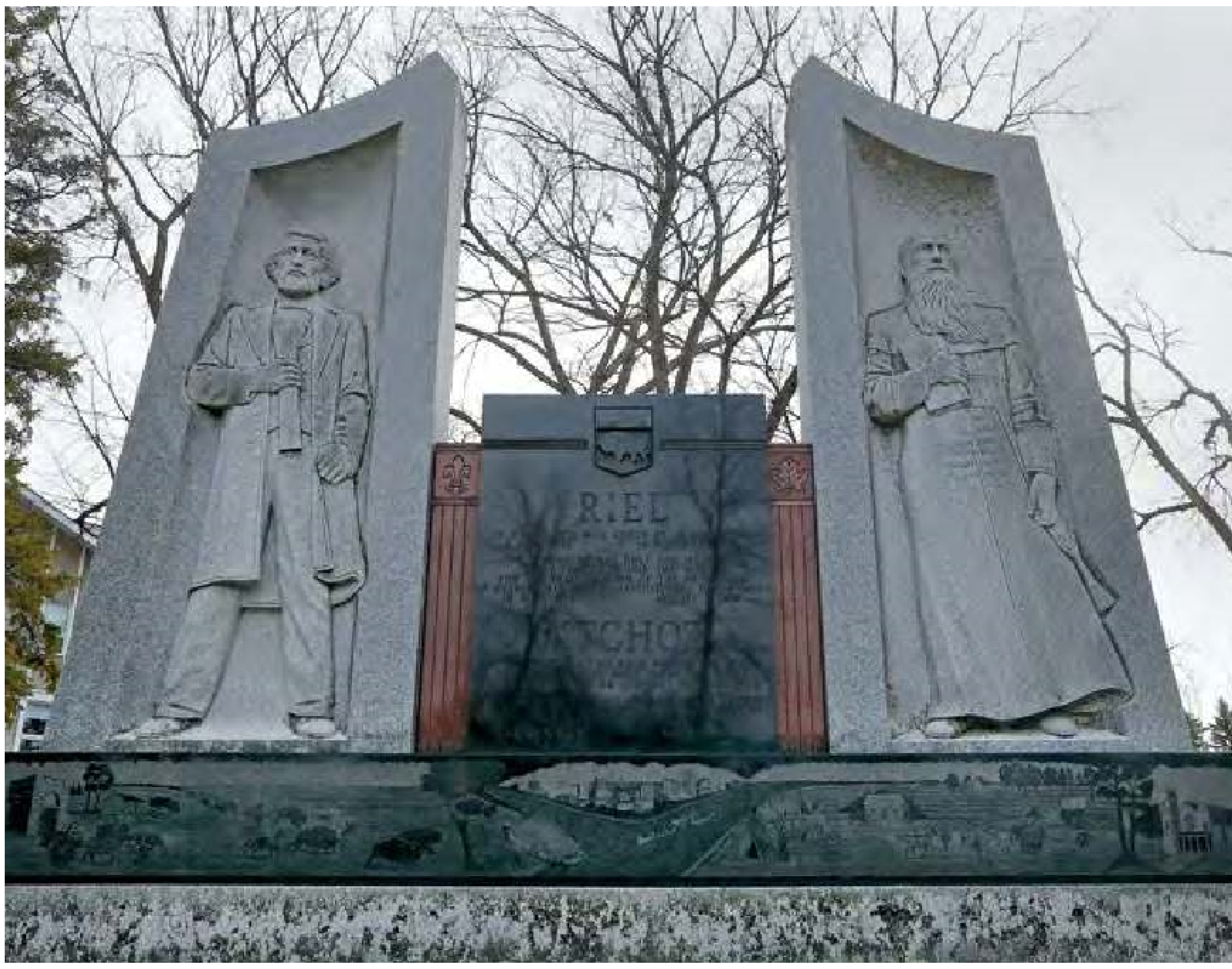
Although it had been written in his capacity as acting prime minister, Cartier's later memorandum to London seeking the amnesty was undercut by Young, who also denied having made any such commitment. The persistent lobbying of Ritchot, Taché, and others, as well as testimony by several witnesses before an 1874 parliamentary select committee, ultimately led Dufferin to grant conditional amnesty to Riel and to Ambroise D. Lépine — who had presided over the tribunal that decided Thomas Scott's fate. Dufferin commuted Lépine's death sentence on January 15, 1875.

On February 11 of that year Prime Minister Alexander Mackenzie introduced a motion to Parliament granting full amnesty "to all persons concerned in the North-west troubles for all acts," saving only Riel, Lépine, and W.B. O'Donoghue. Riel and Lépine were banished from "Her Majesty's Dominions" for five years and lost their civil rights, such as the ability to vote and to run for office.

In contrast to the terms of the four original provinces' entry into Confederation, the administration of all land in the new province was to remain under federal control. There were several reasons for this, which included meeting land arrangements with the HBC, dealing with the Indigenous populations, and providing for the planned railway. After lengthy discussions, Ritchot believed he had secured compensation in the form of rights to existing landholdings, common pasturage and hay cutting, and an agreement that land would be available as grants for several generations of Métis children. All of this was to be administered by the provincial legislature.

The vagueness of the *Manitoba Act* on these issues as presented and passed by Parliament infuriated Ritchot, who, in the absence of Macdonald, lobbied Cartier for written confirmation of the oral agreements. According to George Stanley, "This obdurate priest was enough to drive a man to drink." Macdonald had missed part of the formal discussions and nearly died during a subsequent attack of gallstones.

Cartier spent much of the month of May 1870 telling Ritchot that everything would be worked out in actual practice. As sincere as Cartier might have been, his death in 1872, combined with the maladministration by frequently unsympathetic federal agents of almost all things related to Métis land claims, led to years of frustration and confusion and was responsible in large part for the 1885 Northwest Rebellion. A furious Ritchot wrote to Macdonald in 1881. He asked, rhetorically, "When the Hon. Ministers took so much pains to frame the clauses



A monument to Louis Riel and Abbé Noël-Joseph Ritchot stands on the grounds of the parish church in St. Norbert, Manitoba.

WINNIPEG FREE PRESS

of the Manitoba Act, was it their intention, then, to add [a] few words to the phrases which would later, deprive the Manitoba settlers of their rights?”

In a memorandum dated May 23, 1870, which spoke of the amnesty without mentioning the word, Cartier also assured Ritchot that the administration of the 1.4 million acres set aside for the Métis would “be of a nature to meet the needs of the half-breed residents.” One hundred and forty-three years later, when the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that the Manitoba Métis indeed had legitimate grounds for their land claims, Cartier’s written assurances on land administration were held up by the court as expressing the “Honour of the Crown.”

In late June of 1870, Ritchot presented a lengthy report on his efforts. Based on his assurances that all would be well, despite the vagueness of the legislation, the approach of a military expedition, and the absence of an amnesty proclamation, he persuaded the Legislative Assembly of Assiniboia to accept entry into Confederation. Ritchot’s confidence was misplaced. Manitoba’s early years were marred by what became known as “the Reign of Terror,” during which many members of the Canadian military force abandoned any pretense of discipline in favour of individual and mob violence against perceived rebels. Their actions included house burnings, beatings, murders, and “other outrages,” a euphemism for the rape of Métis women and girls. The propensity of the Canadian land agents to favour the claims of the newcomers over those of the original inhabitants only exacerbated the situation. The result was the diaspora of the Red River Métis.

Ritchot returned to Ottawa on several occasions to pressure for the promised amnesty, and he meanwhile endeavoured to maintain the French-Catholic identity of his parish. When he was unable to persuade a Métis family to remain, he sometimes arranged to purchase the land or assumed the faltering claim with terms agreeable to the seller. He would then sell the land on reasonable terms to incoming French-Canadian settlers. Any profits from land sales, loans, and mortgages were reinvested in the parish through schools, an expanded convent, an orphanage, and in the education of many of his parishioners.

Many Catholic clergy of the time, including Taché, are seen by the Métis as unsupportive or even as dupes of the Canadian government, but Ritchot was and is still held in high regard. Riel wrote fondly of Ritchot while awaiting his execution. A prayer penned in Riel’s “Regina Journal” and dated August 15, 1885, asked that he be united even more intimately with the virtuous priest in order that they could form one heart and one soul that could work for the greater glory of God, the honour of religion, the triumph of truth and even the improvement of their enemies.

Over time, there has been an enormous change in how Riel and the events at the Red River Settlement are perceived. Even if the online comments sections for recent articles sympathetic to Riel remain troubling, the Métis and French Canadians are no longer isolated in their understanding of the events of 1869–70. Manitoba declared in 2008 that the third Monday in February would be a holiday named Journée Louis Riel Day. “Keeping it Riel” T-shirts are hot items in gift shops, and the Esplanade Riel Pedestrian Bridge literally spans the divide between St. Boniface and downtown Winnipeg. When Manitoba celebrates its sesquicentennial in 2020, Riel’s role as a father of its Confederation will no doubt be incorporated without serious question.

Whether the priest who was so central to negotiating Manitoba’s entry into Canada will be recognized is less certain. Aside from my own doctoral dissertation on the subject, Ritchot’s place in history has gone largely unrecognized and under-appreciated. There are a few exceptions, however brief: Historian W.L. Morton wrote that it was “an unrecognized historical truth” that the people of Red River “would not have had half of what [they] had” if not for the priest from St. Norbert. And, in his still-definitive biography of Riel, Stanley wrote, “the combination of Ritchot and the younger Riel brought about the formation of Manitoba.”

A locally funded monument to both Riel and Ritchot stands next to the St. Norbert parish church, on what is likely the site of that first assembly held on July 5, 1869. Although unidentified, the big, bearded Ritchot also makes a brief appearance in Historica Canada’s Heritage Minute about George-Étienne Cartier. When one understands the crucial role of Abbé Noël-Joseph Ritchot in the events that shaped the creation of Manitoba, and when one realizes that interpretations of the *Manitoba Act* by modern courts reflect more of Ritchot than of Macdonald, consideration should perhaps be given to Ritchot as Manitoba’s other father of Confederation.

For more on Abbé Noël-Joseph Ritchot, visit CanadasHistory.ca/Ritchot.

Liberal Party leadership candidate William Lyon Mackenzie King, centre, attends the party's national convention in Ottawa in 1919.

THE BALLOTS QUESTION

In 1919, a federal political party held a convention to choose its leader, forever changing the way politics is practised in Canada.

by Christopher Moore

> *Every incoming train is carrying them, farmers, artisans, merchants, business and professional men, and a substantial sprinkling of women. Already the hotel corridors ... and the streets are bright with their red badges. All parts of the Dominion are rubbing shoulders.*
> — Harry W. Anderson, *Toronto Globe.*

August 1919. Thousands of men and women were coming to Ottawa for what the papers called "the largest political gathering in Canadian history." As delegates to a Liberal Party leadership convention, they took part in all the rituals of Canadian party leadership: last-minute withdrawals, dramatic shifts of support, multiple ballots. The candidate who got the prime-time speaking slot went far over his allocated time — and was rewarded with rapturous cheering from frenzied supporters. On the last day, the first-round leader hung on grimly to a razor-thin victory. Everyone went home declaring the party had built a winning platform and was more united than ever.

But this convention was something new. Never before had a party leader been chosen by thousands of ordinary Canadians. This was the first party leadership contest ever held in Canada — the ancestor of all that followed, from the epic contests won by John Diefenbaker, Pierre Trudeau, and Brian Mulroney to the more recent selections of Justin Trudeau and Andrew Scheer. The 1919 convention that made William Lyon Mackenzie King a prime minister-in-waiting created a model that still defines how Canadians think about power, politics, and the accountability of prime ministers and premiers.

INVENTING THE LEADERSHIP CONVENTION

In the first fifty years of Confederation, there were no leadership conventions. Sometimes a Governor General or lieutenant-governor determined leadership by deciding who should be asked to form a government. Most often, the parliamentary caucus of a party's elected members decided whom it wanted to support — or to remove. In 1887 the Liberal Party caucus made Wilfrid Laurier party leader. In 1896 Conservative Members of Parliament and cabinet ministers forced Prime Minister Mackenzie Bowell out as party leader and as prime minister. In 1910, just a year before he became prime minister, Robert Borden faced a formal vote of his caucus on whether or not he would be removed from the party leadership.

Then, at the end of the First World War, the Liberal Party faced a crisis. In 1917, Prime Minister Robert Borden's promise to win the war at any price — including conscription — had split the Liberal Party wide open. Leading Liberal MPs from English Canada joined Borden's Union government, leaving Laurier, the aging Liberal leader, with a small, mostly francophone caucus. As the war ended, Laurier urgently needed to bring his party back together.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

In November 1918, a week after the armistice, Laurier announced that the Liberals would hold a national convention to make new policies for the postwar world. But Laurier died suddenly in February 1919. Looking about for new leadership, his bereaved followers agreed that only an English-speaking Liberal could rebuild the party. All the strongest prospects, however, were still in the Union government or sitting as independents. So the party's MPs decided not to decide. Days after Laurier's death, the Liberal caucus announced that the convention already in the works for August 1919 would become a leadership convention. For the first time ever, thousands of rank-and-file party members would be invited to choose a party leader.

ONE TRADITION ESTABLISHED IN 1919 WAS THE WAY CANADIAN POLITICAL PARTIES HOLD IMPORTANT GATHERINGS IN HOCKEY RINKS OR COW PALACES.

Laurier, who had a radical streak, had loved to boast that his party was democratic and responsive to the people. "It was therefore fitting that his successor should be chosen not by a coterie of politicians but by a great democratic convention," one of Laurier's loyal MPs, Samuel Jacobs of Montreal, soon declared.

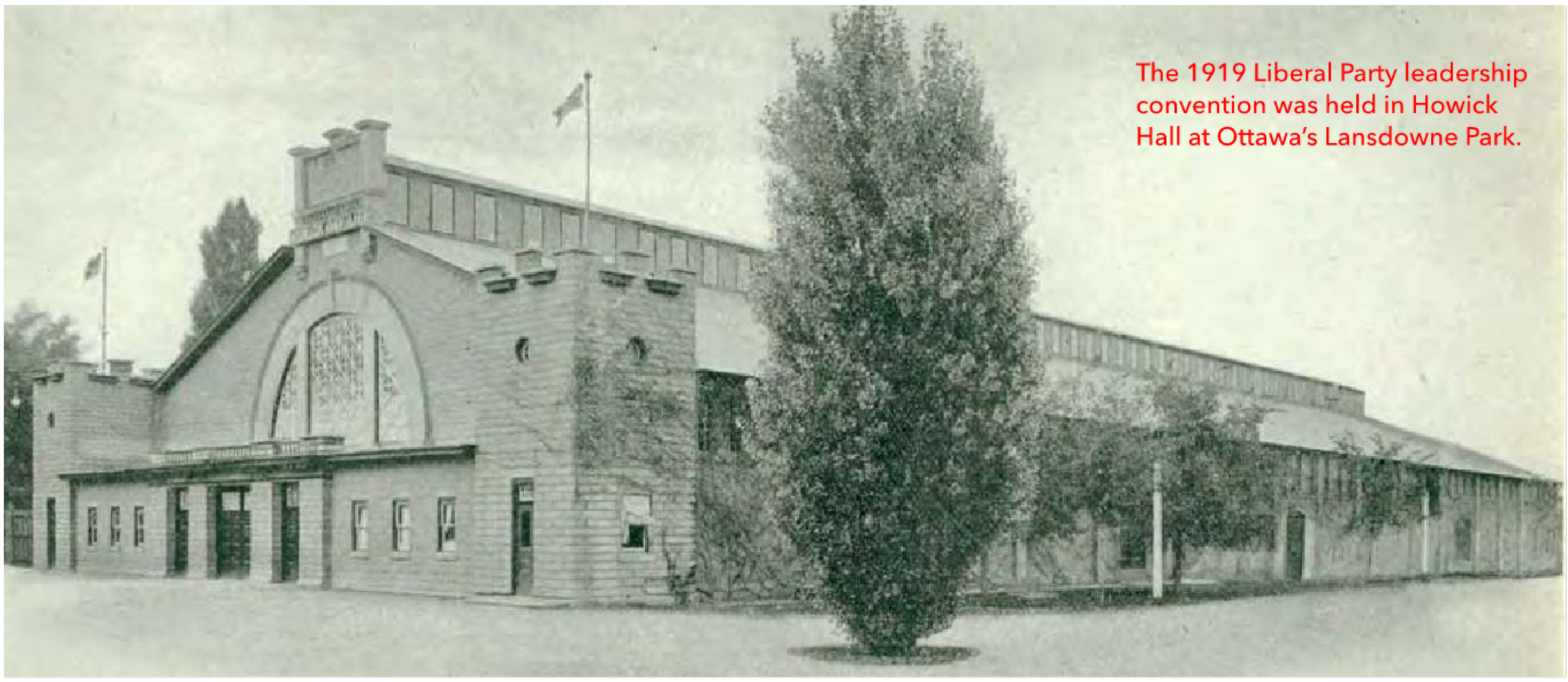
But Laurier had never committed himself to making the 1919 gathering a leadership convention. It was the Liberal MPs and senators — without much debate and with little more than a vague sense that a vote by many people must be more democratic than a vote by a few — who made the decision, driven mostly by the leader's sudden death and the urgent need to broaden the ranks.

A CONVENTION IN A CATTLE BARN

The Liberals held their convention mid-week, from Tuesday to Thursday, to allow for the days many delegates would spend riding trains to Ottawa and then home. In most other ways, this first leadership convention set patterns that endured in future Canadian party leadership races.

One tradition established in 1919 was the way Canadian political parties usually hold their most important gatherings in hockey rinks or cow palaces. In Ottawa, the venue was Lansdowne Park, and particularly Howick Hall, which had more often hosted agricultural exhibitions. The hall had been decorated for the event with banners, flags, and potted palms, and the platform was dominated by a brightly lit portrait of the dead leader. It also boasted such innovations as telephones for delegates and the press, a restaurant able to feed 1,200 people at a seating, and, should hotel space be insufficient, an eight-hundred-bed delegates dormitory. Facilities for sixty journalists were provided, and stenographers would keep a record in both French and English.

Of the 1,005 voting delegates and 650 alternates, the largest numbers came from Ontario and Quebec; but there were several hundred each from the West (including Yukon Territory) and the Maritime provinces. According to a *Toronto Globe* reporter, "The majority of men who represent the older provinces are men of mature years.… But from the prairies, the vast predominance are young men, some in their twenties and early thirties." With Canadian women having just secured the same voting rights as men, women were delegates, too. There were only fifty or so, but each was applauded as she took her seat. It was "on account



The 1919 Liberal Party leadership convention was held in Howick Hall at Ottawa's Lansdowne Park.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

of the presence of ladies" that the delegates were asked to refrain from smoking in Howick Hall.

The convention's voting system would influence all future Canadian leadership races. Though the Liberals supported federalism and the rights of the provinces in national politics, they rejected the American system of having the convention vote in public, state by state. Secret ballots, with one vote per delegate, would determine this race.

The Liberals spent two days of their three-day meeting in 1919 debating the great issues of the day. With Canada seeking national status at the Paris Peace Conference, a Liberal policy statement on Canada's relationship with Britain and imperial relations had to be hammered out. Canada's wartime army was flooding home, and delegates in uniform were cheered as they advocated for the needs of returning soldiers. Just weeks after the traumatic general strike in Winnipeg (to which the leaderless Liberals had barely responded), industrial relations commanded urgent attention. Tariff policy needed careful handling, as the Liberals struggled to balance their free-trade principles against the enduring popularity of protection for Canadian industries. The newly introduced *Income Tax Act* sparked a resolution assailing the government for not enforcing it strongly enough.

Yet the new leader, once chosen, would not feel particularly bound by the policies for which the delegates had voted. The resolutions would be more like guidelines. At least, observed Quebec City MP Charles Power, who attended the 1919 debates, "it leaves the impression that the rank and file have had their say." Party leaders have said much the same ever since.

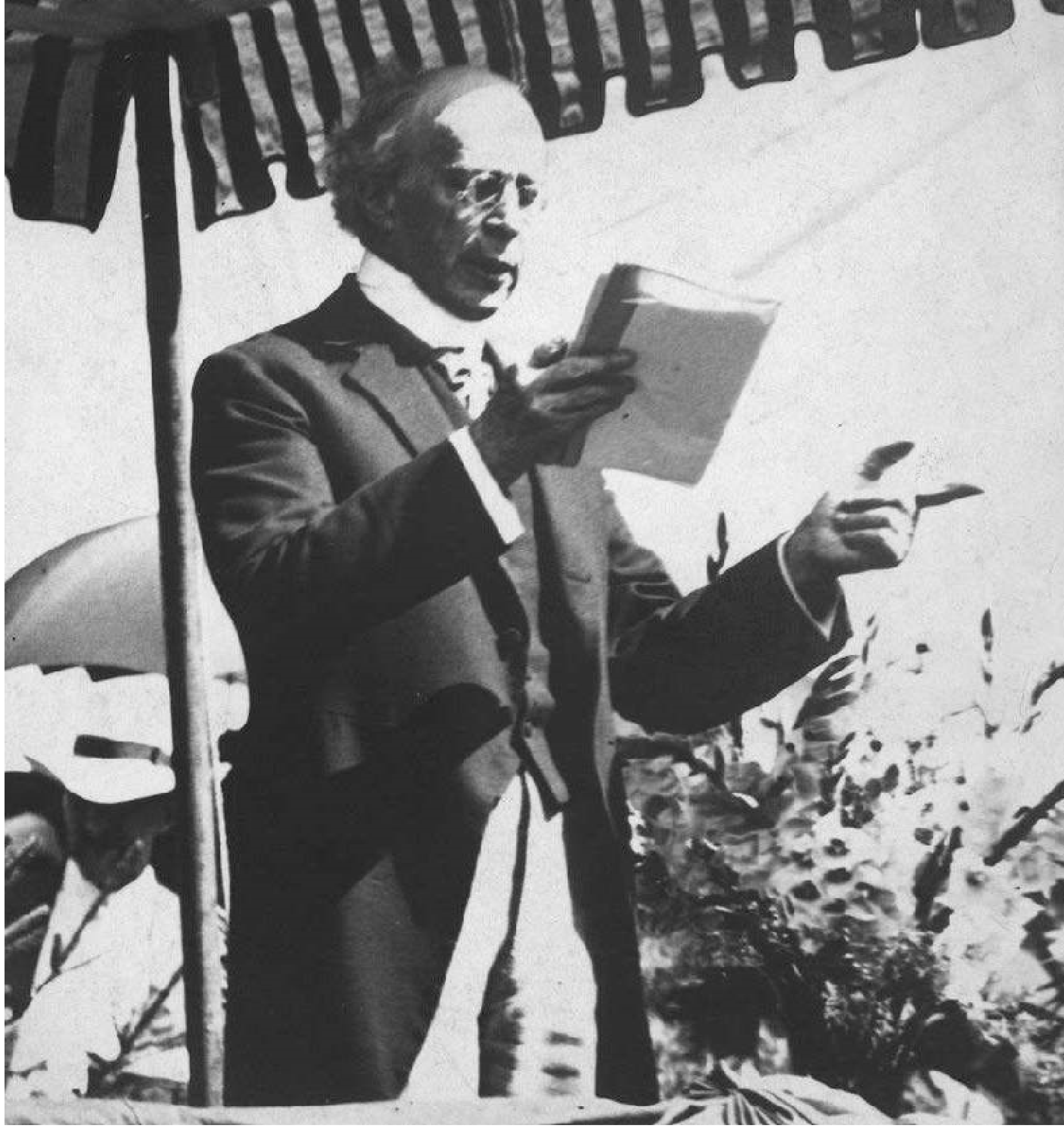
What really mattered in 1919 — and has mattered most at party conventions ever since — was choosing a leader.

THE CHOICE

There was no drawn-out nomination race in the months preceding the convention. Campaigning was frowned upon, and there would be no official nominations until the morning the vote was held in Howick Hall. There were no big speeches from the candidates, either, though Mackenzie King, moving a policy resolution the night before the nominations, broke the rules and roused the hall with a long campaign-style tribute to Laurier.

Nevertheless, William Stevens Fielding had been the front-runner ever since Laurier's death. Fielding was a veteran Liberal, once premier of Nova Scotia and then the federal finance minister during the prosperous Laurier years. The "little grey man" was the strongest of the old Liberal team, a smooth parliamentary performer with an extensive network in the party. He attracted the support of establishment Liberals and the business community.

But Fielding had two big problems. He was seventy, not that much younger than Laurier. Worse, he voted for conscription in 1917 and left the Liberal caucus to sit as an independent MP. The presumed front-runner was not even a member of the party caucus. Yet rumour had it that Laurier had forgiven Fielding and favoured him as a stopgap leader who would bring wartime defectors back into the fold, pending the emergence of new, younger men.



Federal Liberal Party Leader Sir Wilfrid Laurier addresses a Toronto crowd in 1913. Laurier's death in 1919 led his divided party to launch the first mass leadership race in Canada.

CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES

William Lyon Mackenzie King believed he was that new blood, and also that he was Laurier's destined heir. Few others thought so. At forty-four, King was the youngest candidate in the race to lead the Liberals, but he had twice failed to get elected and had spent the war out of uniform and working on labour relations for the Rockefeller interests in the United States. *Maclean's* journalist J.K. Munro had called Fielding the joker in the pack, because he was not in the caucus, but dismissed King as "the joke," not a serious contender at all. King, always alert to conspiracies, muttered to his diary that "the big interests" were plotting against him in hotel suites stocked with liquor.

The other candidates were close to Fielding in age and background, and many of their supporters seemed likely to turn to him as a second choice. Only Sydney Fisher, one of the few anglophones left among Liberal MPs, posed a threat. Listed as a farmer, he was in fact a wealthy landowner in Quebec's Eastern Townships. He understood the French Canadians' visceral opposition to conscription. Loyal to Laurier, he refused to reconcile with Fielding, the former friend who had abandoned the leader.

The manoeuvring really began with a gathering of the Quebec delegates. Quebec Premier Jean-Lomer Gouin presumed that he could tell them how to vote — and he favoured Fielding, who shared his conservative business-minded outlook. When the delegates protested against supporting a conscriptionist, Gouin switched tactics: Since the convention winner was going to be an anglophone, the Quebeckers should abstain and leave the

Top: Federal Liberal Party members fill Howick Hall during the 1919 convention in Ottawa. Above: Nine leaders of provincial Liberal parties who were delegates at the 1919 convention pose for a group photo. Beginning from the left, they are Premier John Bell of Prince Edward Island, Manitoba Premier Tobias Norris, Saskatchewan Premier William Martin, Alberta Premier Charles Stewart, Quebec Premier Jean-Lomer Gouin, New Brunswick Premier Walter Foster, Nova Scotia Premier George Murray, British Columbia Premier John Oliver, and Ontario Liberal Leader Herbert Dewart.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

choice to *les anglais*. It was a ploy to ensure a Fielding win, and the francophone delegates rebelled. But whom to support? Fisher was old and uninspiring, and they hardly knew Mackenzie King.

Fisher went to the Rideau Club, Ottawa's fabled centre of power and intrigue, to have lunch with two old Liberal barons: Allen Aylesworth from Toronto and Senator Raoul Dandurand from Montreal. If both he and King ran, Fisher said, they would split the vote. Fielding would win. He proposed to drop out and nominate King himself, seconded by Ernest Lapointe, the MP who had led the Quebec delegates in revolt against Gouin's machinations.

No, counselled Dandurand. Two Quebec MPs nominating Mackenzie King might spark an anti-Quebec backlash that would help Fielding. Let Aylesworth, not Lapointe, second the nomination. It would show the Quebeckers that King had serious support in Ontario and could win. Aylesworth had left public office because he had become deaf, and Dandurand did not dare to shout out this proposal to him in the Rideau Club dining room. He scribbled it out on a scrap of paper, and Aylesworth scrawled an emphatic yes.

Suddenly, King — dull, pedantic, and fussy as he was

— had solid support in the Quebec and Ontario delegations as well as with the Laurier loyalists elsewhere. The next morning, he led from the first ballot and hung on to beat Fielding narrowly on the third.

CHANGING LEADERSHIP FOREVER

If selected, William Fielding had said, he would convene a caucus meeting to make the convention's leadership choice official. He also said he could not be bound by the delegates' policy resolutions. King was astute enough not to dismiss the resolutions so openly, but for the 1921 federal election he would indeed set out his own platform.

King never for an instant considered asking the party caucus to ratify his leadership. His uncanny political instincts told him instantly what selection by a convention vote offered a party leader: It meant power.

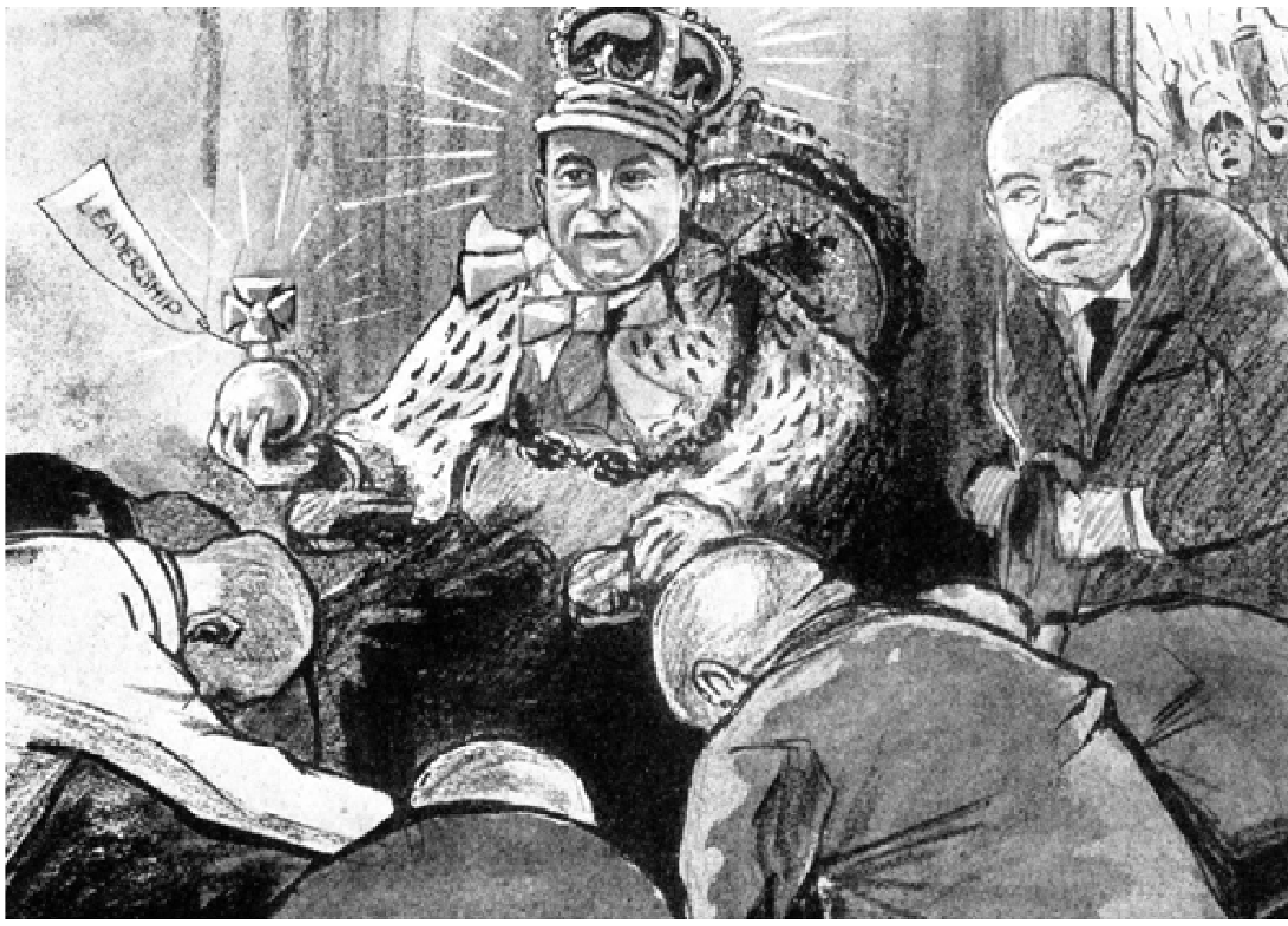
After choosing King, the 1919 Liberal Party convention dissolved. As leader and, later, prime minister, King would never have to answer to thousands of delegates, for he would call no more Liberal conventions until he retired in 1948. He would not consider himself accountable to his caucus, either. As well-connected observer John Lederle noted, King "placed great stock in the fact that he was selected by a democratic convention and not by the parliamentary caucus."

WITHOUT ACCOUNTABILITY TO THE CAUCUS OF ELECTED MPs, A PRIME MINISTER WITH A MAJORITY GOVERNMENT MAY DO WHATEVER HE OR SHE PLEASES FOR YEARS AT A TIME.

As prime minister, King "has more than once silenced the parliamentary wolves," Lederle wrote, "by emphasizing that he is the representative and leader of the party as a whole, not merely of the parliamentary group. What the parliamentary group did not create it may not destroy." King was determined that MPs would answer to him, not the other way around. "Parliament will decide," was King's response to most problems. He knew that as long as his docile MPs formed the majority Parliament would decide what he wanted it to decide.

In 1920, when Arthur Meighen became Conservative Party leader, and therefore prime minister, he was also the last Canadian party leader chosen by a parliamentary caucus. Liberal MPs mocked him as "not elected in open convention, as we consider to be the custom in a democratic country." King might have smiled: He already knew that open convention voting had left him accountable to practically no one.

For decades, as in 1919, most convention delegates continued to be hand-picked, loyal followers of the party line.



The illustration *The Crowning of the King* appeared with a September 1, 1919, *Maclean's* magazine article titled "Why King Won Laurier's Mantle." It depicts William Lyon Mackenzie King as the Liberal Party's new monarch following the 1919 party convention.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

It was John Diefenbaker — like King a loner convinced of his destiny — who grasped that by campaigning at party gatherings across the country he could bring his own loyal delegates to the Conservative convention of 1956 and outvote the establishment and the MPs. Eventually, would-be party leaders, some without much parliamentary or party experience at all, began raising millions of dollars for party leadership campaigns based on the selling of memberships. Once online membership sales and digital voting took hold, delegates became as obsolete as MPs: Hundreds of thousands of party members could vote directly for leaders. Those members' power, however, nonetheless vanished the moment the convention adjourned.

In the rest of the parliamentary world, the Canadian idea of leadership selection has never really caught on. Parliamentarians elsewhere argue that democracy depends not just on how many votes are cast but on accountability. In Japan, in Ireland, in Britain, MPs have asserted their right to remove a failing party leader and to choose a successor. Otherwise, they insist, the root principle of parliamentary government — leadership constantly accountable to elected representatives accountable to the people — breaks down. Without that accountability to the caucus of elected MPs, a prime minister with a majority government may do whatever he or she pleases for years at a time.

For one hundred years, that vision of accountable leadership has had little appeal in Canadian politics. Canadian party leaders — of all parties, both federal and provincial — have grown steadily more confident in overruling cabinet members, driving "disloyal" MPs out of politics, and relying mostly on unelected advisors to make and to sell the party message.

That tradition goes directly back to the Liberal Party convention of 1919. So far, it shows few signs of changing.

COMPLICATED PERSONS

The legacy of the landmark Persons Case won ninety years ago is far from simple.

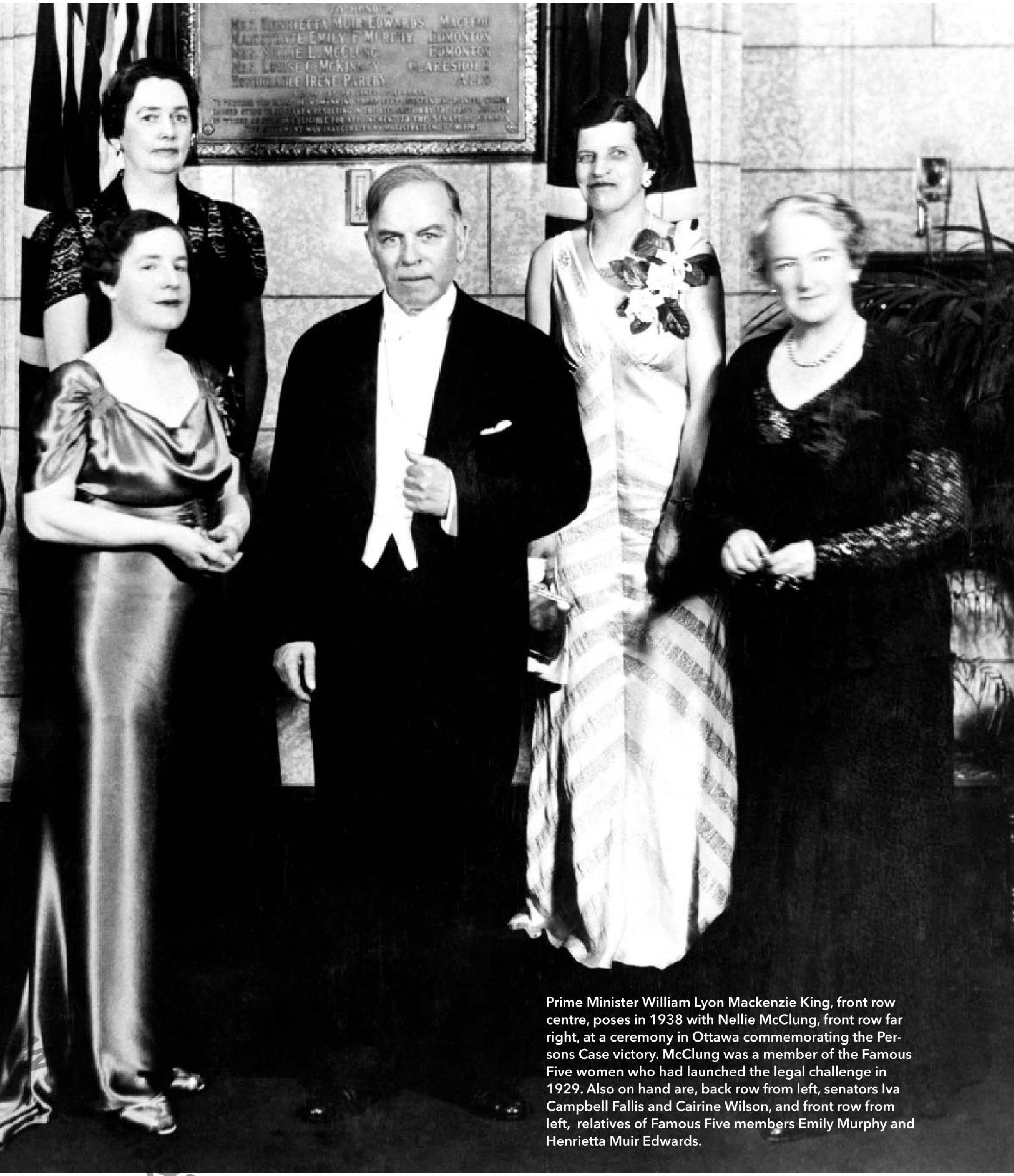
by Charlotte Gray

HISTORICAL LANDMARKS USED TO BE OCCASIONS FOR SELF-CONGRATULATION. What heroic actions! What a brave step toward today's Canada! Let's erect a statue to the pioneers!

But these days anniversaries are more complicated, something we all learned when uncomfortable revelations about our Fathers of Confederation erupted in the middle of the 2017 sesquicentennial celebration. Yes, Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald was "the man who made us," as historian Richard Gwyn put it. But he was also complicit in political corruption and the residential school system.

This year is the ninetieth anniversary of the Persons Case, once considered a no-brainer opportunity for celebration as one of Canada's most important feminist victories. After all, it spawned headlines all over the British Empire that blared: "Women are Persons Too!" How could any of us, ninety years later, quibble about the right of women to sit in the Senate? What's wrong with those five prominent Canadian women who affirmed women's entitlement to hold public office, and whose bronze likenesses already sit on Parliament Hill in all their hatted and gloved glory?

The substance of their achievement is not in doubt. The "Famous Five," as they would soon be called, were the social-justice warriors of their day. They had spent years fighting for women's suffrage, married women's property rights, female factory workers' rights, children's rights, and temperance. The spark for this particular campaign came in 1927, when a formidable Albertan named Emily Murphy invited four fellow activists to tea at her house in Edmonton. Murphy had become the first female magistrate in the British Empire in 1916 and wrote for *Maclean's* magazine under the pen name Janey Canuck.


IN HONOUR
MRS. HENRIETTA MUIR EDWARDS MACLEOD
MAGISTRATE EMILY F. MURPHY EDMONTON
MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG EDMONTON
MRS. LOUISE C. McKINNEY CLARESHOLM
HONOURABLE IRENE PARLBY ALIX

Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, front row centre, poses in 1938 with Nellie McClung, front row far right, at a ceremony in Ottawa commemorating the Persons Case victory. McClung was a member of the Famous Five women who had launched the legal challenge in 1929. Also on hand are, back row from left, senators Iva Campbell Fallis and Cairine Wilson, and front row from left, relatives of Famous Five members Emily Murphy and Henrietta Muir Edwards.

gs.net

GLENBOW ARCHIVES NA-3043-1

In 1916, Emily Murphy – shown presiding over juvenile court in Edmonton – became Canada's first female magistrate.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES NC-6-2906

Murphy wanted a woman — preferably herself — to be appointed to the Senate of Canada. Her requests had been turned down by Ottawa on the grounds that the 1867 *British North America Act* stated that only "qualified persons" might be called to the Senate, and because a British court had ruled that women were "persons in matters of pain and penalties but not persons in matters of rights and privileges." In other words, a woman could go to jail but not to the male-only Senate. (Women had been eligible to run for the Canadian House of Commons since they got the vote. Agnes Macphail became the first woman Member of Parliament in 1921.)

However, Murphy was not going to submit to a fifty-year-old law that had been passed long before massive social change in Canada, including women's suffrage. She knew that any five citizens could petition the Supreme Court of Canada for an interpretation of any part of the *BNA Act*, if the minister of justice supported the request for a ruling. So she summoned for tea on her porch three friends with whom she had collaborated on previous campaigns to improve women's rights in Alberta: Henrietta Muir Edwards (a co-founder of the National Council of Women), Louise McKinney (head of the Women's Christian Temperance Union), and Irene Parlby (an Alberta government minister.) Rounding out the group was Nellie McClung, well-known throughout Canada as a bestselling novelist, a former member of Alberta's legislative assembly, and a leader in the fight to get women the vote a few years earlier. Murphy explained the issue, and, after haggling over the wording, they all signed the petition.

In March 1928, distinguished Ontario litigator Newton Rowell presented to the Supreme Court the question: "Does the word 'Person' in section 24 of the *British North America Act* 1867 include female persons?" The decision from the Supreme Court was an unequivocal no. Chief Justice Francis Alexander Anglin insisted that the *BNA Act*, Canada's foundational document, must be interpreted in precisely the way its drafters intended. The Jesuit-educated Anglin established the perfect tautology: Women were barred from sitting in the Senate because they had never done so. They had never done so because they were barred.

> **After four days of hearings, the British Lord Chancellor announced that "the exclusion of women from all public offices is a relic of days more barbarous than ours."**

Ah! For a Canadian in 2019, the warm gust of moral outrage absorbs Anglin's decision. What misogyny! How much more enlightened we are today! However, the Famous Five may have been less surprised. In 1928, the idea that women should play public as well as domestic roles was still regarded as shocking. Moreover, back then nobody took the Supreme Court very seriously: It met in a converted horse barn, and William Lyon Mackenzie King, prime minister at the time, described the chief justice as "a laughing stock and an ass." The court of last resort for Canada until 1982 was the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Westminster, London, in the United Kingdom.

Rowell was dispatched to London to plead the case there, with the federal government paying his costs. (He earned a healthy $10,000 fee for his appearance, the equivalent of $150,000 today.) In October 1929, after four days of hearings, the British Lord Chancellor announced that "the exclusion of women from all public offices is a relic of days more barbarous than ours [and] the word 'persons' includes members of the male and female sex, and that therefore … women are eligible to be summoned and become members of the Senate of Canada."

So far, so good. Better still, the decision by the Judicial

VOTES FOR WOMEN
HEADQUARTERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OPPOSED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Canadian women were not alone in fighting for equality. Clockwise from left, a suffragist is arrested during a protest in London, England, in 1913. Annie Kenney, left, and Christabel Pankhurst, members of Britain's Women's Social and Political Union, demand votes for women circa 1908. A group of men read anti-suffrage propaganda in New York circa 1911.

LEFT: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. TOP RIGHT: PUBLIC DOMAIN. BOTTOM RIGHT: GLENBOW ARCHIVES NC-6-1746

Committee of Britain's Privy Council gave Canadian progressives an added bonus. The committee chose to endorse a liberal interpretation of the *BNA Act*, rather than the narrow, technical view espoused by the Canadian Supreme Court, on the grounds that the act was "a living tree capable of growth and expansion within its natural limits." Since this decision, Canada's Supreme Court has been much more flexible in its interpretation of the constitution — the *BNA Act* and, after its patriation in 1982, the *Canada Act*.

But there are snags in this story. The greatest contradiction is the fact that, by today's standards, some of the women who fought for this powerful symbol of gender-equality rights held views on other issues that are now considered deeply offensive. Murphy, the leader of the Famous Five, was openly racist in her attitudes to non-British immigrants, especially those from China, and a vocal supporter of the eugenics movement. In 1928, the same year she was pursuing the Persons Case, she urged the Alberta government to pass the *Sexual Sterilization Act*, to ensure the compulsory sterilization of those who were considered mentally deficient. Thousands of men and women in her province were sterilized without their consent before the act was repealed in 1972.

McClung also held views that are considered unacceptable today. During the battle for women's suffrage, she had initially supported a proposal that only women born in Britain or in Canada should be given the vote. And both she and Parlby agreed with Murphy that "mentally defective" children should be forcibly sterilized. (McClung would drop her support for eugenics when she learned how the Nazis were applying the policy.)

Those views make us squirm with horror. Should we let them dilute our celebration of the Famous Five? In twenty-first-century Canada, there is little tolerance for any of our forebears who didn't have the extraordinary prescience to think exactly as we do. Yet overt racism and support for eugenics policy were widespread in early twentieth-century Canada, with a whole structure of pseudo-science established to justify such views. The pseudo-science has since been thoroughly discredited, but as we deplore those views we are too inclined to deplore those who held them — even if those ideas were the conventional wisdom among most Canadians back then.

There is an added complexity to the story of the Persons Case. As a legal victory, it was momentous; as a political advance, it had little immediate impact. Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King did not want any member of the Famous Five, and particularly not mouthy Mrs. Murphy, in the Red Chamber. Instead he appointed a woman who ticked all the right boxes for party loyalty and traditional behaviour. Cairine Wilson was the daughter of a wealthy Liberal senator, the wife of a Liberal MP, and the mother of eight children. A newspaper editorial noted approvingly that she was "a lady of retiring disposition, of refinement and culture" and that she had never taken part in "the agitation for the recognition of women's right to sit in the Senate…. It is eminently fitting that she should be the first appointee rather than one of the very industrious women politicians, spinsters, and others, who have talked incessantly of their rights as women without discharging any of their responsibilities as such."

The editorialist went on to observe that Wilson had "never permitted her political interests to interfere with those other, and perhaps greater, responsibilities of citizenship, her duties as wife and mother."

The Privy Council's decision was not enough to secure substantive equality for women in Canada. In the words of two distinguished lawyers, Robert Sharpe and Patricia McMahon, authors of *The Persons Case: The Origins and Legacy of the Fight for Legal Personhood*, "Full personhood required more than an edict from the Judicial Committee … in an era not yet ready to embrace women as true equals." Until there was another push for gender equality in the 1960s, women senators remained novelties: Between 1930 and 1968, successive governments appointed 193 men and only 9 women to the Senate. Women MPs in those years were equally rare.

Today, forty-five per cent of senators and twenty-six per cent of the Members of the House of Commons are women. In the past three decades, women have held the positions of prime minister, clerk of the privy council, and chief justice. In early 2014, five of the ten provincial premiers were women. (That was the high point. Since then, all those premiers have been replaced, and a photo of Canada's premiers today is a blur of white men in suits.)

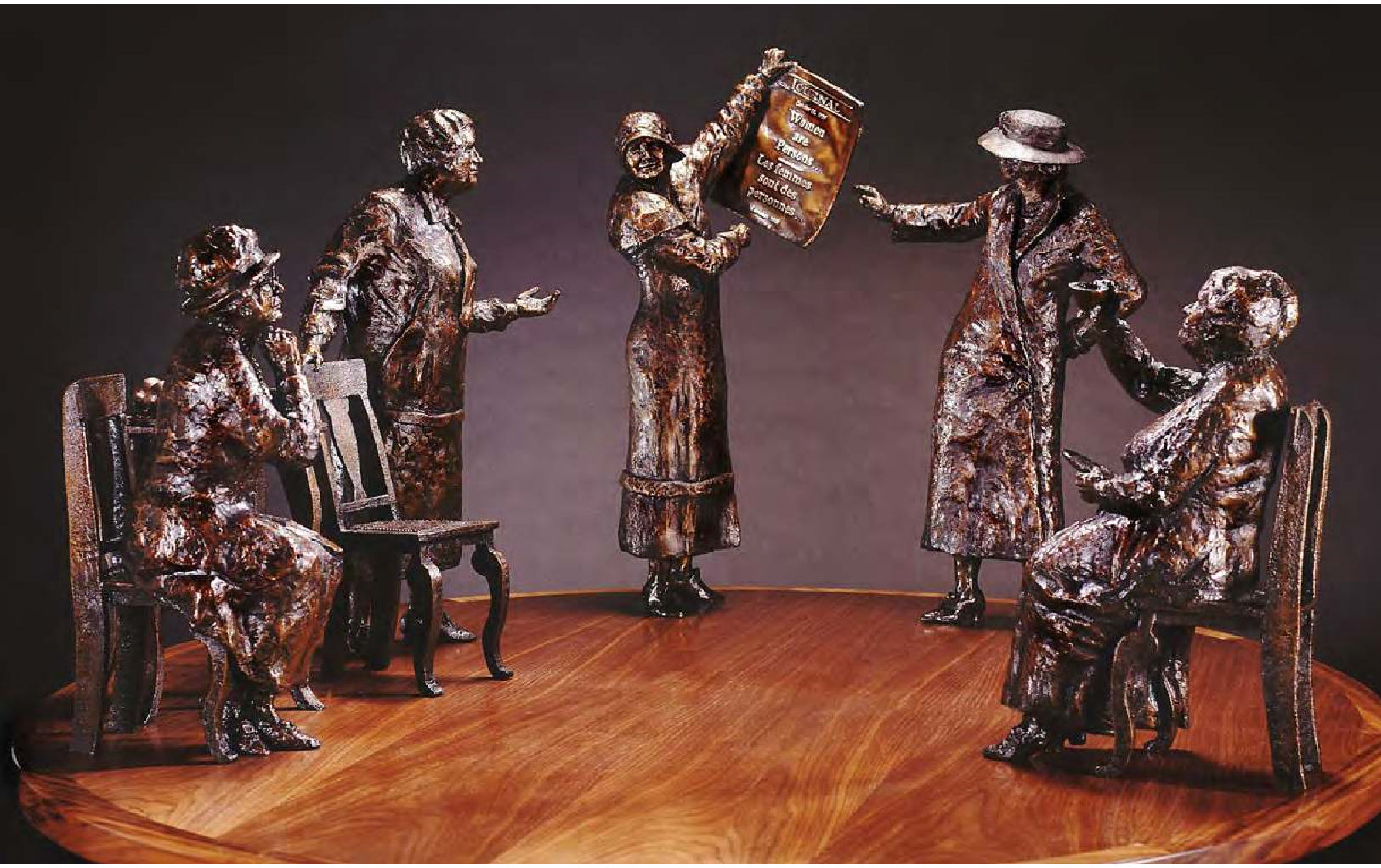
In 1929, British Lord Chancellor John Sankey, 1st Viscount Sankey, delivered the judgment of the Privy Council that ruled that women were indeed persons under British law.

PUBLIC DOMAIN

Does this mean that women have achieved equality in Canadian political life? Yes and no.

On his election in 2015, Prime Minister Justin Trudeau appointed a cabinet of which half its members were women. Most Canadians acknowledge that, as *Globe and Mail* columnist Elizabeth Renzetti put it in early 2019, "Diversity — in gender, race, socio-economic background and age — provides better decision-making, a crucial matter when developing public policy."

Does this mean that women have achieved equality in Canadian political life? Yes and no. The numbers may have improved immensely, but few women in political life would say that we are now in an era, as Sharpe and McMahon put it, in which women are embraced as "true equals." Twentieth-century activists all hoped that if more women were admitted to this country's power structures they would change their nature. Early feminists like McClung represented "maternal feminism"; they considered women a civilizing influence in society who would shift political priorities away from war and toward the welfare of mothers, working women, and children. Second-wave feminists from the 1960s onwards agreed with their predecessors about the need for a shift in political priorities, but they had larger ambitions based on a more rigorous intellectual analysis. Decrying the patriarchal nature of politics, they pointed out that women politicians faced barriers and difficulties because the institutions, rules,


JOURNAL
Women are Persons
Les femmes sont des personnes.

A detail of the maquette of a statue titled *Women are Persons!* by Barbara Patterson. Patterson created two versions of the sculpture, one located in Calgary and the other in Ottawa. *Women are Persons!* depicts the Famous Five women reacting to news of their victory in the Persons Case in 1929.

COURTESY OF THE FAMOUS 5 FOUNDATION, CALGARY. PHOTO BY MARK MENNIE.

and practices were all developed in the absence of women. The whole process needed to change, activists argued, because women bring a different range of experiences into public life. And if their voices are not heard they can find that their concerns are marginalized.

In the words of Kim Campbell, Canada's first and (so far) only woman prime minister, "There's a reason why women's political power is so important. You have to be at the table making decisions, because otherwise you're screwed. If you're not at the table, you're on the menu." Being at the cabinet table when important decisions about health care, child support, or tax policy are made is some compensation for the tidal wave of offensive and misogynist threats women in political life face on their social media feeds.

So what difference did the Persons Case make? It was a crucial early step towards true gender equality in our political institutions. However, our political culture is harder to remodel. Research suggests that women in power do politics differently from men — although generalizations are dangerous, given that it is biology, not ideology, that women have in common. For example, a 2015 global survey of two hundred female politicians in sixty-five countries by the Inter-Parliamentary Union noted that women typically run for office not to seek power but to effect change. They enter a world that is still intrinsically conflictual and where the constraints of party politics and disparaging media coverage make their lives uncomfortable.

This year, Canadians have watched their gender-balanced federal government score unevenly on whether women's voices are truly heard. On one hand, there have been important women-friendly policies, including the innovative feminist foreign policy promoted by Global Affairs Minister Chrystia Freeland. On the other hand, several commentators have argued that there was an element of sexism in the way Justice Minister Jody Wilson-Raybould was treated during the SNC-Lavalin scandal, which led to the abrupt resignation from cabinet of both her and Treasury Board President Jane Philpott. Nellie McClung was herself an archetypal woman in politics: a crusader rather than a career politician. She was blunt about this in 1938, when a plaque was placed in the Senate lobby commemorating the Persons Case. In her speech she remarked, "We would all be able to accomplish a great deal more if none of us cared who got the credit." She went on to say, "The end is not yet!"

EXPERIMENTS IN PEACE

HOW A GROUP OF PACIFISTS IN SIXTIES-ERA ONTARIO WAS FORCED TO QUESTION ITS PRINCIPLES OF NON-VIOLENCE.

BY TARAH BROOKFIELD

IN 1965 SIX ARMED MEN APPROACHED THE SHORES OF GRINDSTONE, a five-hectare private island on Big Rideau Lake, northeast of Kingston, Ontario. After landing their motorboat, they took into custody the thirty-one people who had been attending a conference on the island, including six children. Calling themselves the Unionists, the invaders addressed their captives, explaining that they represented a right-wing movement planning to occupy Canada. No one was permitted to leave or to use the radio. Food would be withheld from anyone refusing to do what was demanded of them. Any disobedience, the Unionists insisted, would be met with violence.

Conference-goers huddled together and debated whether to submit or to resist, and where they might be able to hide the children. Someone raised the possibility of swimming for help. A few people suggested that the peace-themed conference be continued and that the Unionists be invited to sit in on sessions. A more vocal group felt that outward displays of civil disobedience were required. They executed a hunger strike, arranged to steal an antenna and a typewriter in order to interfere with the invaders' ability to communicate, and protested the occupation by ringing an off-limits bell. The Unionists told the bell-ringers to cease or face the consequences. After thirty-one hours of captivity, a group escalated the bell-ringing, leading to the Unionists shooting one person and gassing twelve others. As survivors processed the devastating outcome, an announcement was made: "The exercise is now closed. Umpires' decision."

What became known as the Grindstone Experiment was not an act of terrorism but rather role-playing designed to simulate a violent act and to test whether it could be subdued using peaceful means. The mock invasion was part of activities at the Grindstone Island Peace Education Centre, a summer program organized by the Religious Society of Friends, otherwise known as Quakers. There was never any real possibility of harm, and no one actually died. Everyone involved was aware that the exercise was not real. The six "Unionists" were selected in advance, four of them because they had military training that organizers believed would help to create authenticity.

During the lengthy debriefing discussions and subsequent scholarly research, participants expressed disappointment that their non-violent organizing was a complete failure. The exercise, although contrived, demonstrated some of the difficulties involved in applying theory to reality.

Between 1963 and 1973, Grindstone welcomed thousands of activists, educators, students, spiritual leaders, diplomats, and journalists. They descended upon the island retreat to study the causes of war and to propose solutions that would lead to peace. The isolated, rustic setting was seen as particularly conducive to experimental learning activities, like the mock invasion, but also excellent for encouraging meditation, camaraderie, and inspiration. Ursula Franklin, the pacifist physicist, described Grindstone as a "mental landscape" where visitors tested their beliefs and practised strategies they would later employ off-island when confronting the threat of nuclear warfare, the tragedy of the Vietnam War, or the social unrest caused by colonialism, racial discrimination, and poverty.

GRINDSTONE CO-OPERATIVE FONDS, ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO

During the 1965 Grindstone Experiment, two Unionist "invaders," Harvey Feit (standing) and Hans Sinn (crouching), approach "defender" Dennis Newman, left, and Grindstone's assistant cook, Ruth Pincoe.

Before it became a site of peace education, the island was a retreat from war, under an entirely different guise, for Charles Kingsmill, a Canadian-born captain in the British Royal Navy. After his retirement in 1908, he led the formation of the Royal Canadian Navy, in which he later served as a rear admiral. In 1916, Kingsmill built a retreat on Grindstone Island. Located approximately eighty kilometres from Ottawa, the island was a convenient getaway: close enough for Kingsmill to return to the capital when needed, but distant enough to temporarily escape the pressures of Canada's naval defence during the First World War. The phenomenon of wilderness tourism, popular in Ontario early in the twentieth century, provided members of the elite like the Kingsmill family a break from the modern world. Time spent immersed in nature was thought to rejuvenate the industrialized and urbanized body.

During the Second World War, Grindstone continued to be a retreat from the harsh reality of conflict. After Kingsmill had died on the island in 1935, his widow, Lady Frances Kingsmill, opened her summer home to convalescing soldiers, sailors, and nurses. Seven young family acquaintances, who had been evacuated from Britain during the war, joined the Kingsmill grandchildren on Grindstone Island. There they were sheltered from the physical risks of the war, as well as from many home-front hardships, since the family's wealth and connections allowed them to circumvent most of the shortages and rationing.

Rear Admiral Charles Kingsmill of the Royal Canadian Navy built a small retreat on Grindstone Island in 1916, about five decades before it became a peace centre.

GRINDSTONE CO-OPERATIVE FONDS, ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO

The surviving Kingsmill children inherited the island after their mother's death in 1956. There was talk of selling the property, but the politically active Diana Kingsmill-Wright expressed to *Globe and Mail* reporter Barry Zwicker her hope that "the tranquility of their island can be extended a little into the world."

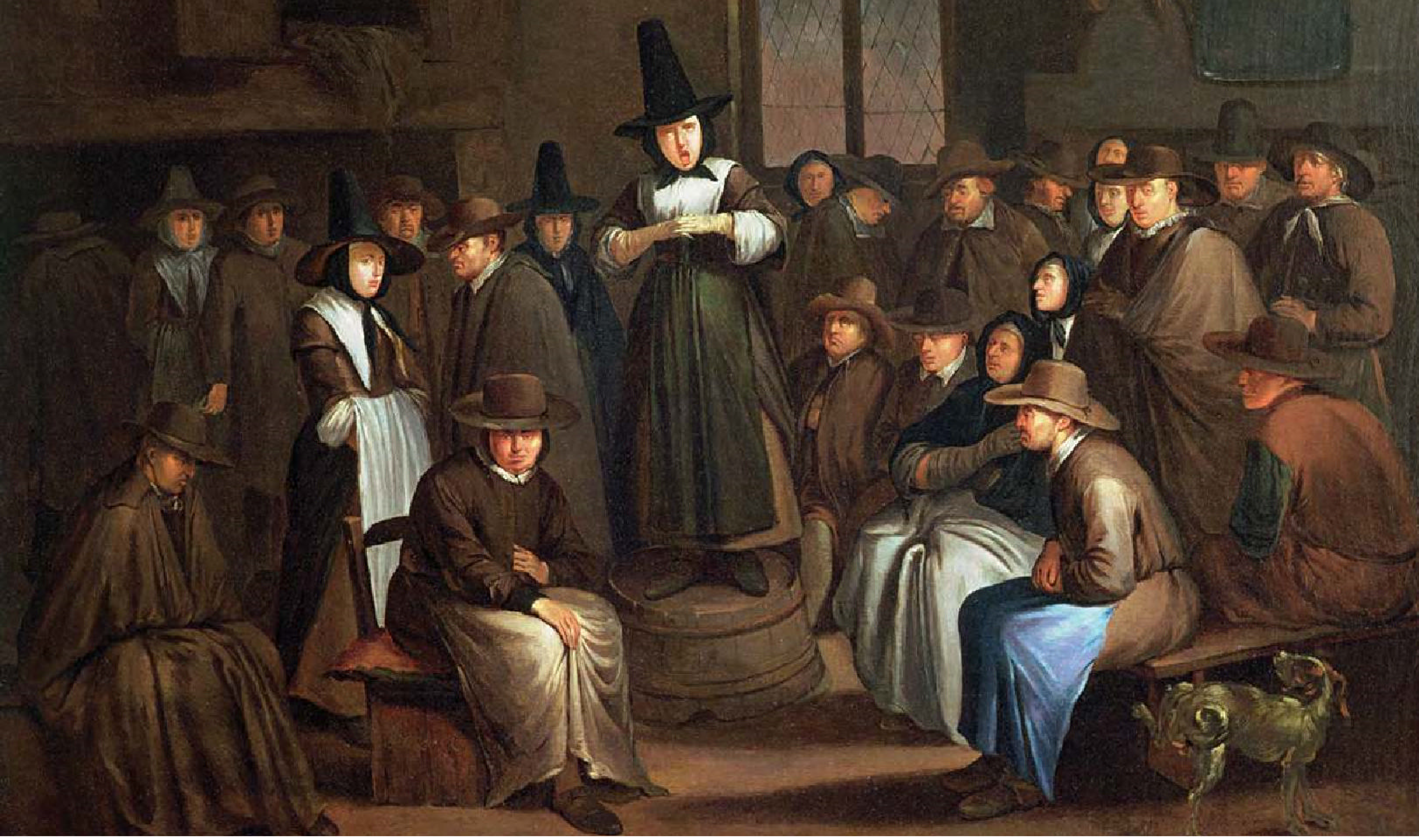
Sent off to boarding school in England and finishing school in Switzerland, Kingsmill-Wright had returned to Ottawa to be presented as a debutante in 1929. Her early adulthood involved marriage to the son of a British lord (whom she later divorced), international travel, and competing as part of Canada's Olympic ski team.

In 1945 she eschewed her life of privilege when she married her second husband, prairie socialist Jim Wright, and moved to rural Saskatchewan. Kingsmill-Wright became active in the co-operative, environmental, and peace movements. As Saskatchewan's provincial representative for the disarmament organization Voice of Women/La Voix des Femmes, Kingsmill-Wright saw ending the threat of nuclear annihilation as the most critical political cause of the 1960s.

Her son, George Gordon-Lennox, a reporter with the *Ottawa Journal*, was also interested in international affairs. When he heard that Grindstone might be sold, he suggested that the family retain the island but lease it to a university or not-for-profit association interested in promoting international understanding. In 1962 Kingsmill-Wright reconnected with a Quaker friend, Murray Thomson, who worked as the peace secretary for the Canadian Friends Service Committee (CFSC), the Quakers' peace and social-justice organization. Since the seventeenth century, Quakers had been committed to war resistance and peace work, which, both as individuals and as communities, they furthered through conscientious objection, relief efforts, and civil disobedience. In 1947 the Religious Society of Friends was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for assisting the victims of war. In the Cold War period, many Quakers participated in disarmament or anti-Vietnam War protests. The CFSC assisted American draft dodgers to immigrate to Canada and sent aid to civilians in North Vietnam and South Vietnam. Although "none of us knew how to run an island," Thomson recalled, the CFSC was intrigued at the possibilities Grindstone offered in serving its mandate.

After much discussion, Kingsmill-Wright agreed to lease the island for one dollar per year to the CFSC to build a peace retreat that would operate between April and September each year. "While the island has served as a refuge for casualties of war," she explained in an advisory council meeting, the escalation in global weapons stocks meant "there can no longer be war but annihilation. Thus, we feel there is only one course to follow — to do what is in our power to help build the peace." She believed her father would have approved of the decision; in the last years of his life, she said, Sir Charles began to question the use of military solutions to resolve conflicts. He felt it was tragic that air warfare put civilians at such great risk.

With continued financial and logistical help from Kingsmill-Wright and an advisory committee drawn from representatives of different peace groups, Thomson transformed the island's



The Quaker Meeting, an oil painting circa 1685 by Dutch artist Egbert van Heemskerck the Elder. The religious society was founded in the mid-seventeeth century in England. Its central beliefs included pacifism, and the notion that women and men were spiritual equals. Quakers also were early supporters of the abolition of slavery, and of votes for women.

PRIVATE COLLECTION / JOHNNY VAN HAEFTEN LTD, LONDON / BRIDGEMAN IMAGES

main lodge and cabins into a camp that could accommodate approximately fifty overnight guests. Jack and Nancy Pocock, prominent Quakers and Canadian peace activists, were hired to serve as the island's wardens, responsible for coordinating the programs and hospitality logistics.

Fourteen weekend or week-long workshops were scheduled for the first summer, on topics as varied as "Creative Alternatives to the Arms Race," "Canadian Biculturalism," and "Towards a Relevant Christian Peace Testimony." Almost four hundred participants attended. When they looked back on their experience, attendees spoke highly of the workshops but also of the relationship-building and learning that occurred through conversations while washing dishes, lounging on the porch, or canoeing.

John Schaffer, who first attended Grindstone as a university student, recalled, "It was a kind of crucible of ideas, and people, and social networks." Schaffer and many others noted that the residential experience was key because it helped participants to focus and to build a community. The isolation helped, too. Initially there was no phone, and the only way on and off the island was via a privately run water taxi. By the end of the first summer, according to an internal history of the island, Jack Pocock concluded that "Grindstone has already become a concrete and visible symbol of the peace effort in Canada."

While Grindstone's facilitators and visitors shared a commitment to peace, they were far from a homogenous group. Participants represented multiple generations and political affiliations; at any one time the island could be home to conscientious objectors from the Second World War, Buddhists, anarchists, and university students from Africa and the Caribbean. Unsurprisingly, Quakers made up a large portion of those involved in the workshops; but approximately one third of participants described themselves as having no religious affiliation. Among the Canadians, participants were usually white and middle-class, and the majority hailed from Ontario or Quebec. At one point, sixty-seven per cent claimed to have voted for the New Democratic Party.

Grindstone's programming shared the same theme and goals as the Pugwash Conferences on Science and World Affairs; however, outside of its diplomat conference, its participants did not hold high-ranking positions in international affairs.

There were attempts to bring Grindstone's ideas to the non-initiated, but for the most part the group drew women and men who were already invested in the peace movement. Reflecting the strong connections between the Canadian and the American left, the island also attracted U.S. civil rights leaders A.J. Muste and Bayard Rustin as well as Tom Hayden, a founding member of Students for a Democratic Society.

Initially, Grindstone was just for adults, including those to whom Grindstone historian Murray MacAdam referred in *Making Waves: A Grindstone Story* as the "grey-haired" crowd. While the Canadian Peace Research Institute hosted a Peace School credit course for university students, there was no pro-

Participants in the 1965 Grindstone Experiment gather on the island for a group photograph.

NANCY POCOCK FONDS, CLARA THOMAS ARCHIVES AND SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, YORK UNIVERSITY.

graming for younger people until 1966. By then, the Quaker youth camp NeeKauNis, along Ontario's Georgian Bay, had begun to attract a subset of youth that was immersed in the counterculture. Harried counsellors thought the solution was to send the more radical teens to Grindstone.

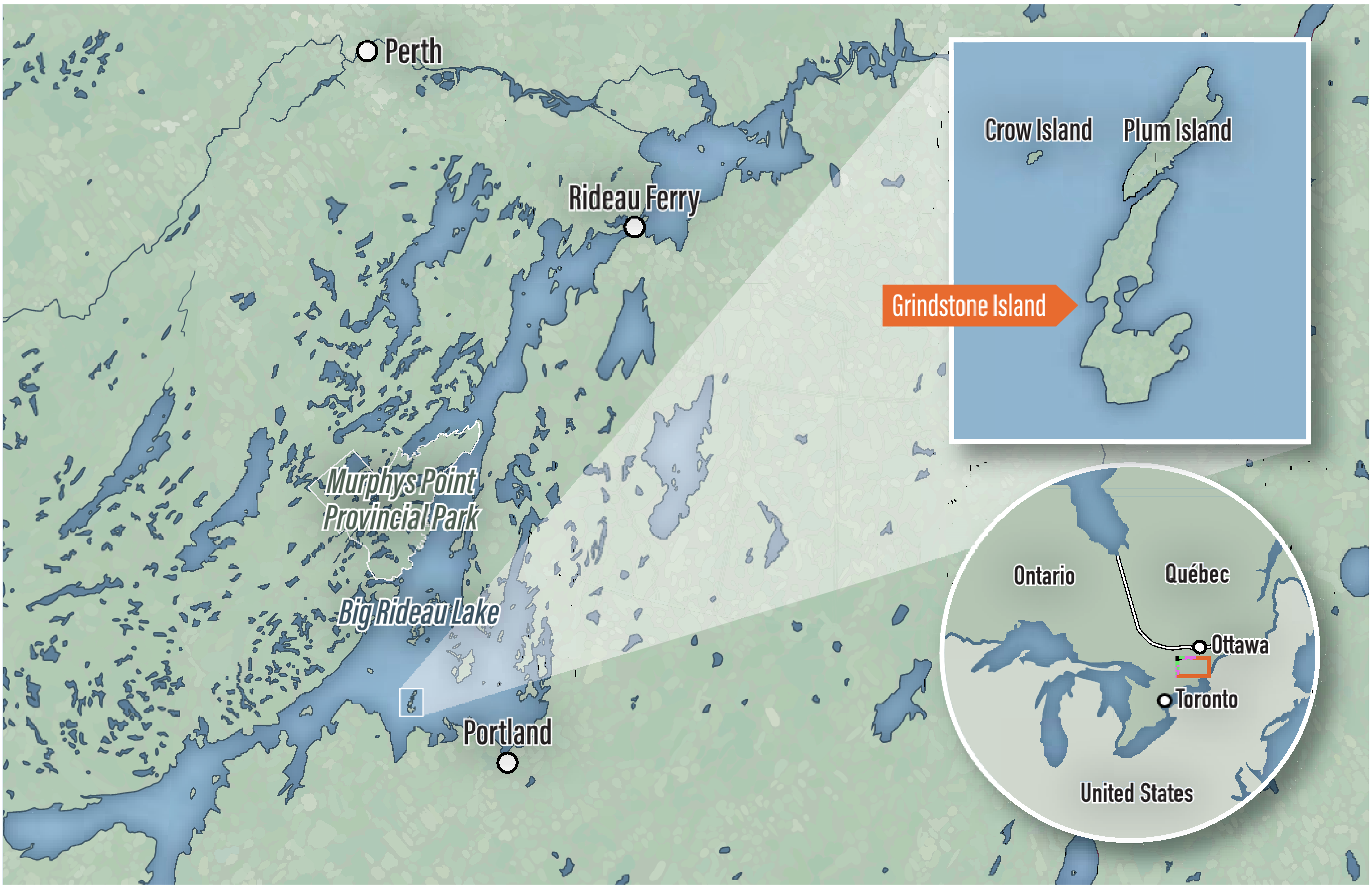
Thus began the High School workshop: part summer camp, part activist-in-training program. Typical camp activities such as swimming and volleyball were combined with workshops on current events. One year the young people travelled to Ottawa to meet with the prime minister and to attend an anti-Vietnam War protest. Another year, due to brewing internal tensions, the teens analyzed their own tendencies to form cliques.

When they recalled the program, many participants considered the experience transformative. David Josephy, a biology professor at Ontario's University of Guelph, was a high-schooler at the time of his Grindstone experience. "Growing up in suburban Ottawa, I very much felt in the late 1960s that a revolution was going on, and I was missing it," he said. "All these incredible things were happening, but they were happening somewhere else … and then suddenly you went into this place where you just felt like you were part of this revolution of change in the world." Another participant, Ted Hill, described in a letter to the Pococks a feeling of being swept away by "the overwhelming force of love and peace present at Grindstone." The sensation faded when he returned to the United States, where he said he was just "a Black man fighting to survive again." Later, Hill sought the Pococks' help in immigrating to Canada to avoid registering for the draft.

FOR SOME IN THE LOCAL COMMUNITY, GRINDSTONE INJECTED AN UNWELCOME RADICALISM INTO EASTERN ONTARIO COTTAGE COUNTRY.

Over the years, almost one hundred diplomats from thirty-eight countries trekked to Grindstone to be part of an annual conference that attempted to forge collaboration amongst members of NATO, the Warsaw Pact, and non-aligned nations.

Sequestering delegates in a neutral place in the wilderness, organizers hoped to thaw Cold War tensions by encouraging honest dialogue about disarmament or development. It was hoped that, outside of their embassies and away from the Ottawa cocktail circuit, diplomats might be able to make progress toward balancing national interests with international co-operation.



Grindstone Island is located on Big Rideau Lake, Ontario, about eighty kilometres southwest of Ottawa.

MATTHEW SHELLENBERG

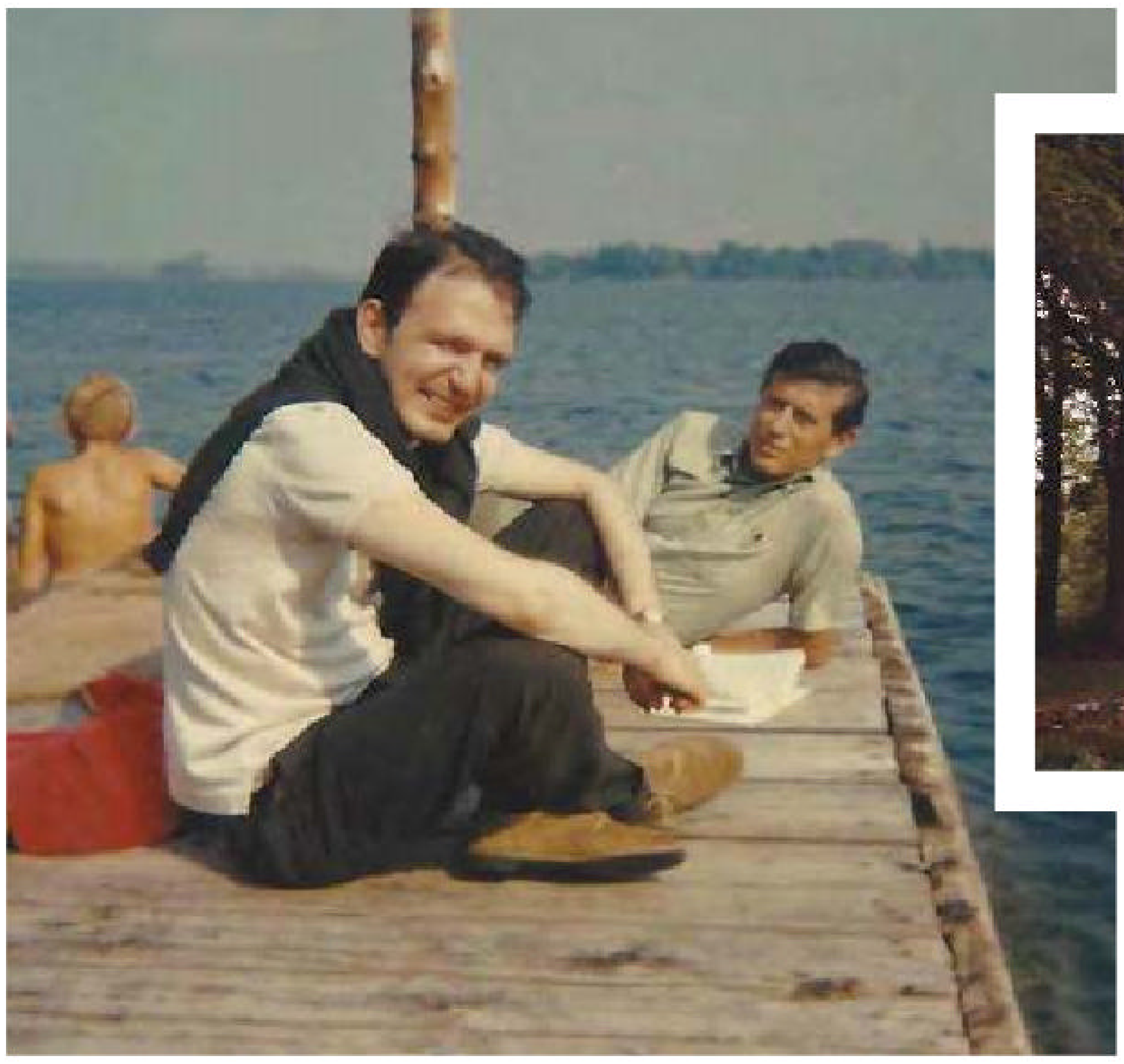
Program evaluations found in the Canadian Quaker Archives and Library suggest that some diplomats found the conference conducive to working co-operatively toward reconciliation and praised the Quaker efforts. Other evidence, however, suggests that Grindstone was no match for entrenched Cold War mindsets. In August 1968, Grindstone staff learned about the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia on the radio, and this helped them to understand why all of the Eastern European participants had unexpectedly pulled out of the conference at the last minute. American diplomats rarely agreed to participate, citing the inclusion of the Soviets as proof that the Quakers had been duped by communists. Later, the Americans refused to attend because Quakers had taken part in anti-Vietnam War demonstrations outside their embassy in Ottawa.

Sometimes the challenges of communal living offered unexpected opportunities to practise conflict resolution. While those involved in running the island's affairs tried to operate with democratic principles and co-operative decision-making, tensions occasionally arose regarding rules. Adult Quakers did not use alcohol or drugs, and they sometimes proposed banning the substances, which some adult and youth participants wanted to consume. Some recurring visitors were nudists and felt that, in the spirit of acceptance, they should be allowed to go without clothing. Eventually, one beach was put aside for skinny-dipping.

Yet for the most part there was also a great effort to model the peaceful values that people on the island were attempting to study. One reflection from the 1965 Biases in Teaching workshop remarked that the name Grindstone was prophetic because it "conjures up images of crushing, grinding and reducing something into smaller and smaller particles. It seemed that individuals coming to the seminar full of themselves and their own personal concerns were temporarily reduced beneath the weight of the group's concerns [and] it was clear that each participant emerged from his or her ordeal a more tender and loving person."

For some in the local community, though, Grindstone injected an unwelcome radicalism into eastern Ontario cottage country. "Going to Grindstone Island, you could always pick out on the ferry who were hippies and who were the cottagers, right?" Josephy quipped. In the nearby town of Portland, persistent rumours included one that held that the island was a communist training centre and another that insisted it was a free-love colony. Occasionally, boaters would come by to buzz the island or simply to gawk in hopes of spotting something illicit.

As they did with many peace groups during the Cold War, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police kept extensive records of island activities as well as any off-island organizing involving high-profile Grindstone activists such as Thomson or the Pococks. Grindstone staff member Larry Gordon recalled how those on the island tried to combat misconceptions by being good neighbours. They supported local businesses and once helped to put out a fire on a nearby island. Gordon hoped that



FUND RAISER OF THE NGO COMMUNITY
Oh we've all been stuck
without a buck
We've tried fund-raising
without much luck;
CHORUS:
But the best fund-raising
of all, you see
Is person-to-person
When you make
a plea
(REPEAT CHORUS)

Top: Vietnamese scholar and pacifist Vo Thanh Minh plays an instrument as he walks with participants in a diplomatic conference held at Grindstone Island in 1965.

Above left: Participants at Grindstone Island lounge on the dock jutting out into Big Rideau Lake, date unknown.

Above right: Grindstone's main lodge in 1984.

Lower right: A pair of activists take part in a workshop on Grindstone Island circa the 1980s. After 1974, the island's leadership evolved into a co-operative. It continued to host educational events related to peace and social justice, held skills-building workshops for non-governmental organizations, and hosted a children's camp.

friendly relations might even change some conservative community members' negative opinions of anti-war activists.

How to respond to local hostility was the theme for the 1966 Institute in Non-Violence, the same program that organized the mock invasion. Instead of Grindstone attendees taking on the role of the opposition, this time six members of a real Kingston motorcycle gang were invited to bully and to mildly assault the participants. As with the mock invasion, the 1966 encounters were highly charged. Some participants broke into tears and fled to a safe house. Others focused on ignoring violence, even when personal property was vandalized or the bikers brandished knives. In his diary, Peter Light, a twenty-three-year-old activist who had organized the 1965 protests at the Comox air base in British Columbia, described experiencing a plethora of emotions as he engaged in the role-playing: cowardice, confusion, annoyance, inspiration, and disappointment. Over and over he allowed himself to be thrown in the lake by the gang leader, until the two of them sat together chatting on the dock. Just when Light felt a breakthrough was imminent, the biker threw him in the lake again.

During the subsequent debriefing, the gang members opened up, saying they felt the activists had talked down to them. The bikers also said they were annoyed about participants' preoccupation with the war in Vietnam, when there was injustice and poverty in Canada. Much like the mock invasion, in which non-violence had failed to conjure a victory, the participants deemed the exercise revelatory.

FIFTY YEARS LATER, IT IS CLEARER WHAT GRINDSTONE REPRESENTS. IT IS A REMINDER OF THE LONG HISTORY OF QUAKER PEACE WORK IN CANADA.

As Nancy Pocock told MacAdam, "we learned a lot about our middle-class values, about being able to understand people with different standards and a different way of looking at life." Others thought it was valuable to see how chaotic, emotional, and self-destructive it could be to confront violence.

Grindstone's experiments in peace and non-violence helped to prepare participants who would later engage in off-island episodes of civil disobedience, where they faced significant public and police opposition. Those included the protests in 1964 at the La Macaza air force base in Quebec and in 1966 at Voluntown Peace Trust Farm in Connecticut, where residents faced hostility and an outright attack on their premises.

It is difficult to measure Grindstone's legacy. Countless actions were planned and carried out. Participants formed professional and personal relationships, allowing off-island networks to develop among activists, educators, community members, and the government. "Important things happened at Grindstone, with people from the U.S. and England as well as from Canada," Nancy Pocock recalled in *Peace Magazine* in 1989. "We used to know in the summer what would happen in the peace movement the next year from what went on at Grindstone." Notably, the ideas to start the Student Union for Peace Action (1962–67), Project Ploughshares (1976 to today), and Peace Brigades International (1981 to today) all began at Grindstone.

Perhaps the best evidence of Grindstone's influence, at least on a personal level, was the work of past participants and staff to form a co-operative that would keep Grindstone in existence. In the early 1970s, financial difficulties forced the Quakers to withdraw their management of the island. Program attendance had fallen, a trend attributed to fatigue and shifting interests among activists. Furthermore, even with rent of one dollar a year, it was becoming financially onerous to maintain the aging property and infrastructure. All of these factors contributed to the CFSC declining to purchase the island when Kingsmill-Wright listed it for sale in 1973.

The Grindstone dream did not die; it evolved. Former staff and participants invested ninety-two thousand dollars to create a co-operative, which allowed them to purchase the island and to continue operations until 1990. Under the co-operative's leadership, peace remained central to the island retreat's activities; however, programming expanded to support other social-justice projects ranging from environmentalism to feminism.

In their 1969 program report, Janet and Philip Martin, former island wardens, concluded, "it is next to impossible to assess the value of the Grindstone experiment. How can we know what influence a few days at Grindstone have on, say, a Russian diplomat forced (or willing) to defend his country's oppression of Czechoslovakia? Or on a girl from Lesotho, who for ten days was treated as an equal on the Island but was soon going back to a country dependent for its existence on South Africa with its degrading apartheid?"

Fifty years later, it is clearer what Grindstone represents. It is a reminder of the long history of Quaker peace work in Canada, one that goes beyond individuals' war resistance and relief work to extensive critical thinking and action on how to build a peaceful world.

Grindstone captured the spirit of optimism within the Canadian peace movement in the 1960s and 1970s, including the belief that a non-violent solution to conflict and war could be found. For many, escaping to the wilderness to be among people dedicated to peace and social change was a transformative and inspiring experience.

Admittedly, as the disappointing outcome of the mock invasion demonstrated, others left disillusioned at the lack of viable peaceful theories or actions to overcome conflict. While Grindstone's work did not lead to revolutionary outcomes, its legacy was the unique value it placed on community and education as the foundations of peace.

OPPOSITE PAGE: ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF CANADIAN YEARLY MEETING ARCHIVES, PICKERING COLLEGE

Q&A

Connecting with the land

An early French trader valued life far from European culture.

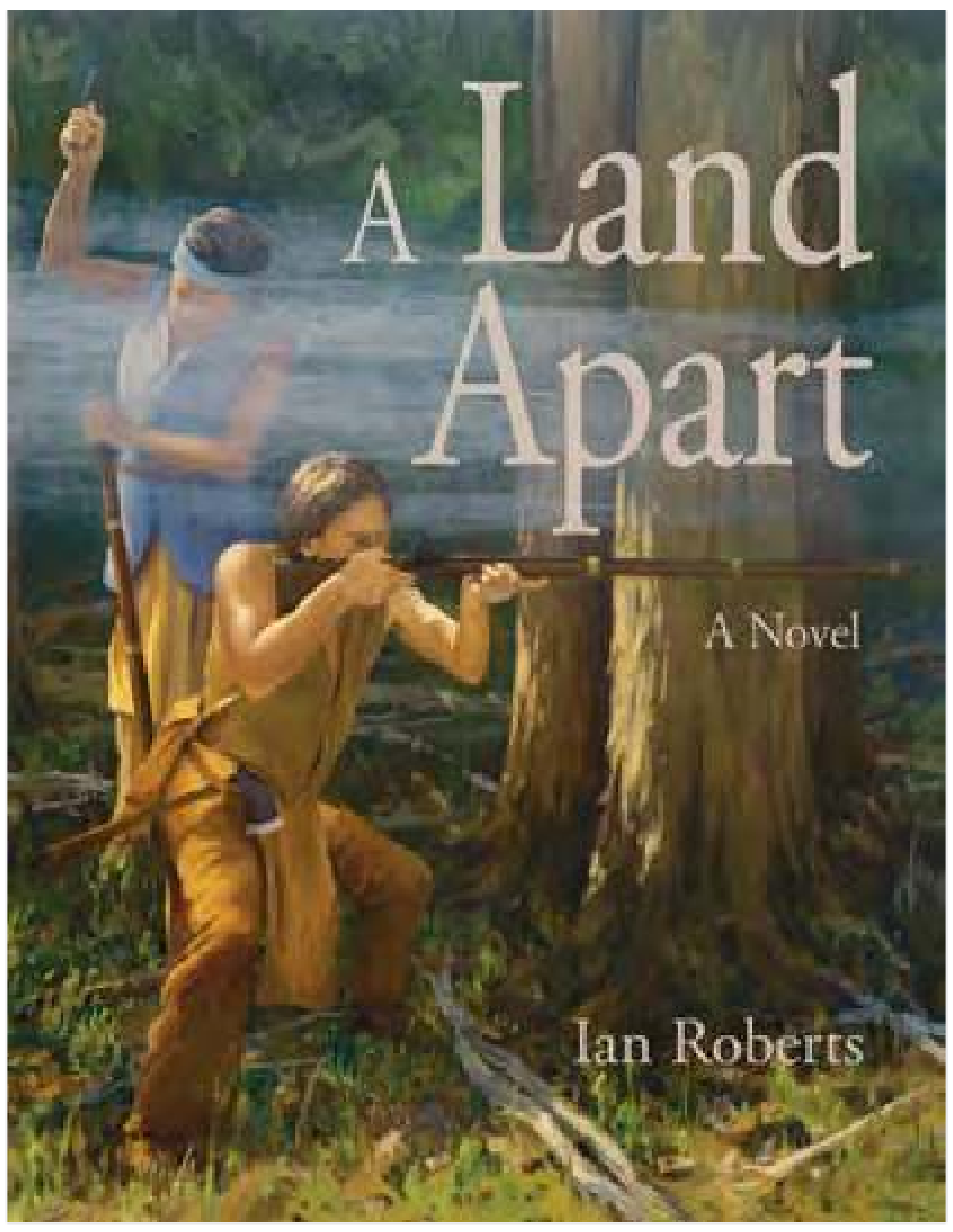
The historical novel A Land Apart*, by Ian Roberts, draws from the experiences of trader and explorer Étienne Brûlé, who travelled to North America with Samuel de Champlain early in the seventeenth century and lived for most of two decades with the Wendat people.* Canada's History *associate editor Phil Koch asked Roberts about his book.*

Who was Étienne Brûlé, and why did you want him to be the central character in this particular story?
Étienne Brûlé was the first white man to go deep into the interior of Canada to live with Indigenous people. He was not part of an expedition. He went *alone*, in 1609. And he went hundreds of miles into the wilderness, from what is now Quebec to Georgian Bay, and lived there for decades.

He became the hero of the story because of the confluence of two things: When I was young I went on a lot of canoe trips in Ontario. I loved being out in the wilderness. A history teacher in grade eight somehow brought Brûlé to life for me, and his story — of someone who really made a home out there in the wilderness — just bounced around in my head until one day I had to tell it.

Brûlé appears to have been a strange trader, in that he worked not purely for profit, as well as an unusual explorer, producing neither notes nor maps. What do you think was his actual motivation for journeying and living with Indigenous peoples, and what might have been his expectations?
You are right in suggesting Brûlé was unusual as an explorer — he's known to have gone as far west as Duluth and probably from there to the headwaters of the Mississippi — and as a trader.

I have a bumper sticker in my office that reads, "My church is the woods." That is the motivation I give Brûlé for being out there. He naturally connected with and assimilated the Indigenous experience of the Great Spirit — not as a concept but as an expression of his existence in the woods. Now, I know I walk on thin ice here assuming that I understand Indigenous culture, but I do experience something tangibly spiritual when in the wilderness, and I projected that experience as Brûlé's real motivation for being there.



Why did you use historical fiction to tell this story? And what sorts of differences from the historical record were involved your telling?
I started this whole project by writing a film script. It would, I think, make a great movie. I then turned the script into a novel. I did a lot of historical research, because you have to embed the fiction, movie, or novel in a plausible environment. But I always thought of telling Brûlé's story as fiction, right from the start.

Since Brûlé kept no notes, we only have other people's comments about him. You have to read between the lines a bit. The Jesuits didn't like him because they felt that, rather than trying to elevate the Indigenous people to act like "civilized" Christians, he was damning himself by embracing an Indigenous lifestyle.

Champlain, his boss, had very specific things he wanted Brûlé to accomplish in terms of trade and alliances with the various tribes west of Quebec. Brûlé would disappear for two and three years at a time, so he wasn't much use to Champlain. But there certainly are references, and you piece the parts together. He was the one out there. He was the hero, so I tended to lean on the positive I saw in him.

The whole plot line of getting guns — that would have been going on at that time, certainly. But I doubt that there was any moment where all the conflicting elements would have come to a head the way they do in the novel. The timeline gets condensed. And I don't know of any reference to Brûlé trading guns — although they quickly became the most desired trade item.

Your book is primarily a narrative, but it includes several of your own illustrations, particularly in an opening sequence. How did these illustrations come about, and did you consider including even more of them?
I'm a painter. I've been a full-time painter all my life, primarily a landscape painter. We don't associate most landscape paintings with a strong narrative element. When getting close to finishing the novel, and with the land featuring as such a prominent character in the book, I thought I should give a visual expression to it. So I was fascinated with the idea of doing illustrations, many of them landscapes, that now had a distinct narrative role.

Most of the characters in the novel are grappling with the consequences of cultural encounters and the changes brought about by the interactions between Europeans

COURTESY IAN ROBERTS

and Indigenous peoples, including beliefs, technologies, and diseases carried from Europe. With novels being so intimate, how did you approach representing the sensibilities of the remote time and different cultures?

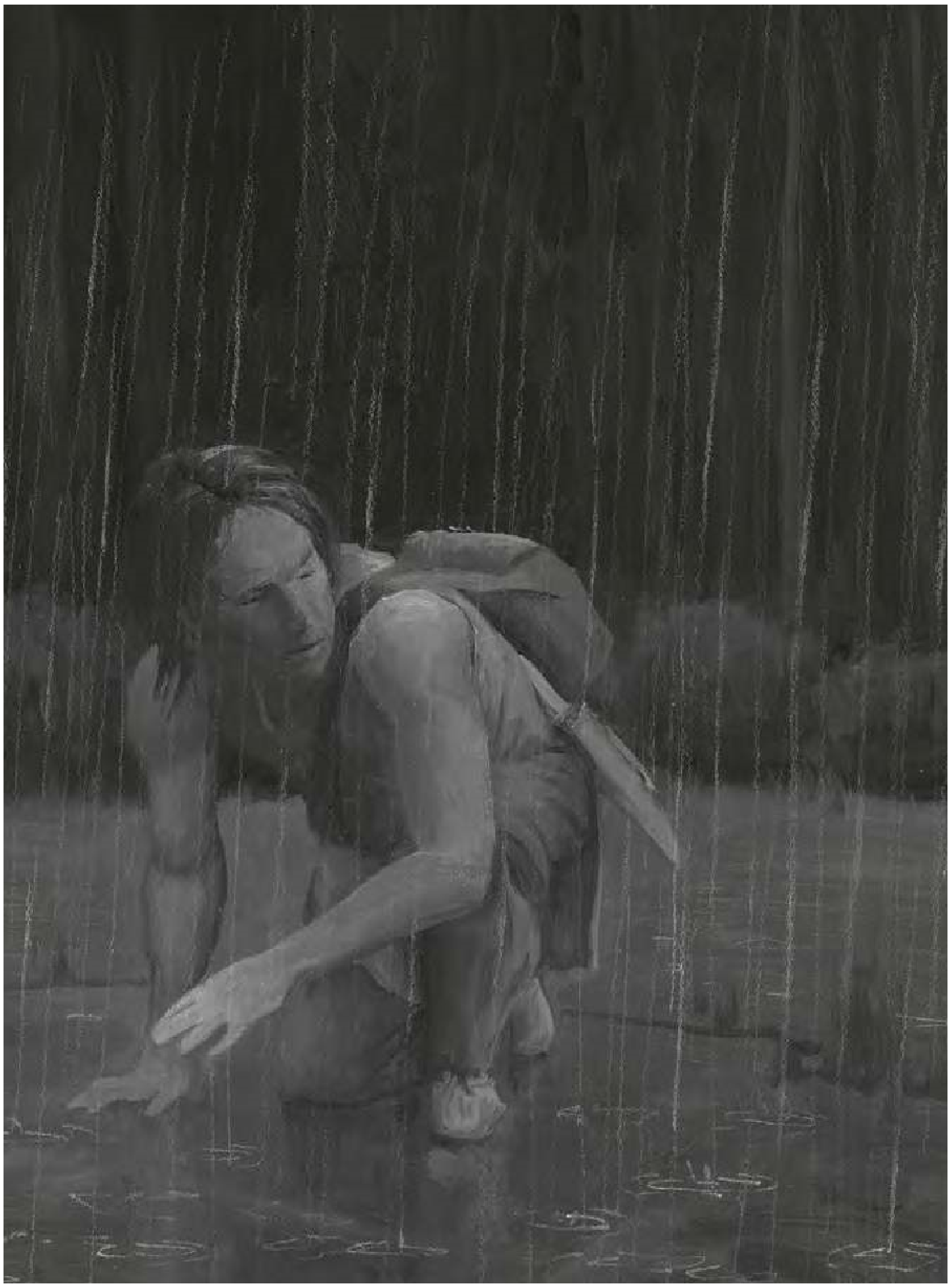
The overarching presence in the novel is the land. For the most part, the story takes place in a wilderness several hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. And Quebec was still a struggling settlement, not a town, in 1634.

For the Wendat and the Iroquois, of course, that wilderness was home. Trying to imagine their relationship to the land, or really the spiritual connection to nature and its cycles and forces, became central for me to establish, because all the Western characters are affected by the power and the living presence of the land. I mention in the afterword that I tried to give expression to Wendat spirituality with the deepest respect, however much I may have missed a true understanding and the details.

> The wilderness strips the French characters of artifice, each in their own way. But the effects of the French were already tearing at the fabric of the Wendat culture.

But the focus of my story was Brûlé, who lived out there for decades and must have embraced the Wendat culture deeply. So I had to create his relationship with this wilderness largely through the beliefs of his adopted people.

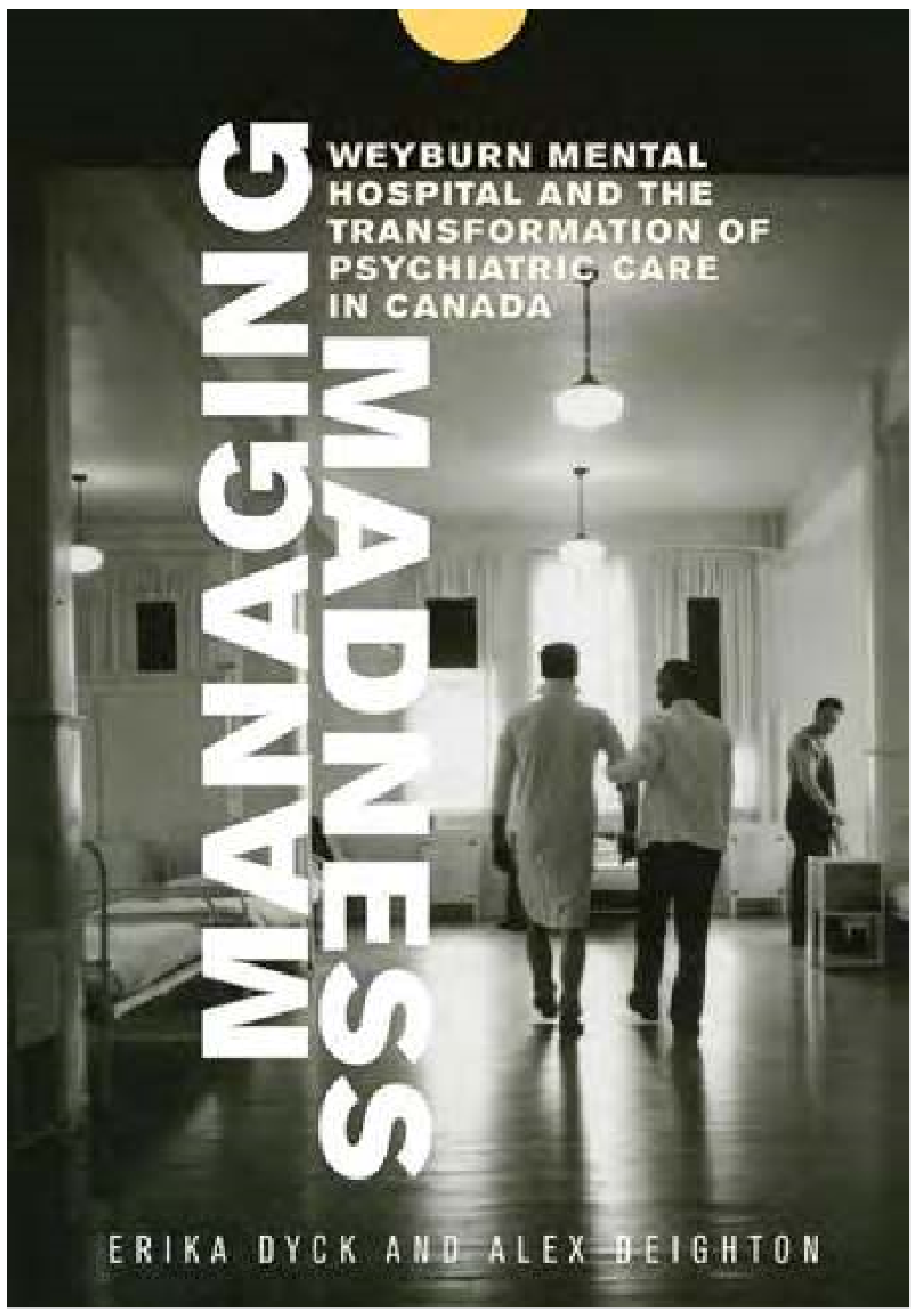
The wilderness strips the French characters of artifice, each in their own way. But the effects of the French were already tearing the fabric of the Wendat culture. Imagine making and using bone utensils all your life and then having a steel knife, or axe, or needle in your hand for the first time, and bolts of coloured cloth, and large metal kettles, or a musket. They had to have them. The disease came a little later.



In this illustration by Ian Roberts from his historical novel *A Land Apart*, Étienne Brûlé searches for tracks in the pouring rain and fading evening light.

As you've mentioned, the land itself is a key figure in your novel, including with respect to the characters' different visions for and relationships with the land. In what sense are you suggesting the land is "apart," and from what?

That is an interesting question, and I think it pivots on the idea that the wilderness offered a kind of paradise to Brûlé. At least you get a sense that that is what Brûlé has found out there. So the "apart" refers to leaving behind the terrible conflicts he witnessed as a boy in France, and leaving European culture in general, for the different values of an Indigenous life. It might not suit some people, but it certainly seems to have suited him, because he never chose to come back to Western civilization.


WEYBURN MENTAL HOSPITAL AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF PSYCHIATRIC CARE IN CANADA
MANAGING MADNESS
ERIKA DYCK AND ALEX DEIGHTON

IMPOSING SANCTUARY

Managing Madness: Weyburn Mental Hospital and the Transformation of Psychiatric Care in Canada

by Erika Dyck and Alex Deighton
University of Manitoba Press,
343 pages, $27.95

During the prairie drought of the 1880s, when a North West Mounted Police officer was sent to apprehend William H. based on complaints and letters from his neighbours about his “unbalanced” mental state, the officer noted that he considered the man to be “a very undesirable type of settler.”

After time in a holding centre, the prisoner — without any charges laid — was sent to the Stony Mountain penitentiary in Manitoba. Years later, he was passed along to the hospital for the insane that opened in 1914 in North Battleford, Saskatchewan. When that institution was full to capacity, he was sent to the same province’s Weyburn Mental Hospital, built in 1921 as the largest — and ultimately the last — of its kind in the British Commonwealth. It was there that he finally died, after fifty-six years in the hospital and prison systems.

The story of fictional patient William H. introduces Erika Dyck and Alex Deighton’s book *Managing Madness*. Assembled from primary historical documents, the case is entirely plausible and is typical of inmates who lived and died at Weyburn.

The asylum as an institution is now history. The imposing mental hospitals, usually situated at the edges of mid-sized North American cities and towns, have been dismantled or, in rare cases, refurbished for other uses. But these institutions once haunted the Canadian prairies and seized the moral imagination of surrounding residents.

Originating in Europe, the asylum model represented a “beacon of order and a monument to civilization,” as Dyck and Deighton write. In Canada asylums were also a “nation-building project” that stood for fealty to (and assimilation into) British ideals and values. Though prairie asylums invoked boosterism and civic pride for their economic benefits and impressive architecture, eventually those views were overtaken by chagrin at the appalling conditions brought about by political neglect and severe overcrowding.

Managing Madness deftly weaves a number of real-life stories with an overview of their wider social context. This context included colonization, paternalistic imperialism, local and national political and economic circumstances, the legal governance and medical understanding of what we now call mental illness, and community attitudes towards people considered insane, dangerous, or suspect. As Dyck and Deighton point out, others decided their fates.

Initially, they write, “the decision to commit someone to an institution was a legal one,” and it was only later that the medical professions were granted authority on the matter. Health care tactics shifted after the First World War, with the return of previously fit young men suffering from shell shock; but psychiatric advances and enthusiasm for new methods were sidelined during the Great Depression. From the late 1920s and leading up to the Second World War, the rise of eugenics — the so-called science of improving human populations through selective breeding — included discussions about sterilization and increased the stigma surrounding supposed “mental defectives.”

The book compares actual 1930s cases that illustrate some of the social tensions. In one instance, a fifteen-year-old boy with a low IQ was charged with theft and then committed to Weyburn over the objections of his family, neighbours, and acquaintances. In another case, after serving a three-month jail sentence, a farmer who had burned down the house of his wife’s alleged lover was again apprehended because of an accusation of insanity by the man whose house he’d destroyed. The farmer was then committed to the Weyburn Mental Hospital for another three months, despite a petition organized by his wife and signed by neighbours and friends that attested to his good character and stable mental state.

It’s telling that individuals suffering from mental illness weren’t legally considered fully human until 1982, when the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms declared that all individuals, including those with mental disabilities, should be considered equal and be treated without discrimination.

Between the 1960s and the 1980s, patients from Weyburn were moved out of the institution and into community-based programs. Yet community integration had its own problems, Dyck and Deighton note. Weyburn, and the asylums in general, had provided jobs, even vocations, for many along with welcome shelter and succour for some residents.

Managing Madness provides a fascinating and nuanced look at the transformation of psychiatric care in Canadian history. As Dyck and Deighton contend, the asylum's legacy is complex, casting a long shadow over the present and perhaps still affecting social attitudes. The poignant stories their book tells, based on a wealth of documentation and intensive research, are among its many strengths.

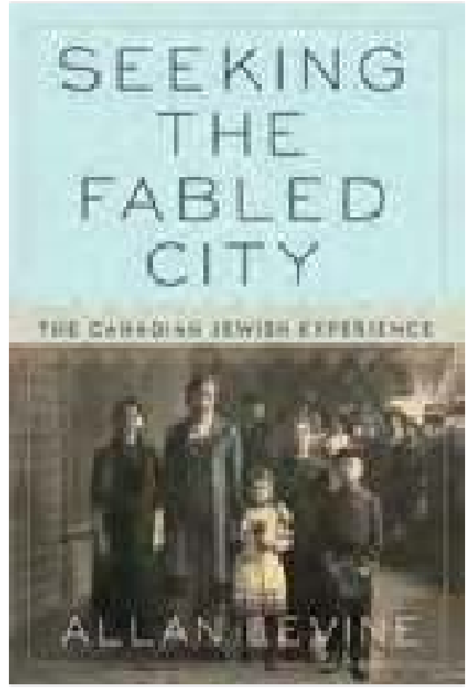
Reviewed by **Mariianne Mays Wiebe**, whose first novel, partly set in a prairie asylum, will be published this fall.

LAND OF PROMISE

Seeking the Fabled City: The Canadian Jewish Experience

by Allan Levine

McClelland & Stewart, 512 pages, $45



"It is a fabled city that I seek," said the famed Jewish poet A.M. Klein as he reminisced about his life in Montreal's tight immigrant circle. In his latest book, Allan Levine adopts this phrase, connoting both nostalgia and aspiration, to define the Canadian Jewish experience.

Based in Winnipeg, Levine is one of Canada's fine non-academic historians. An author of fifteen published works, he has a consistently readable style, weaving narratives around well-researched information while interspersing many vignettes.

The story of Jews in Canada can be told as a metaphor for other immigrant groups who have settled here, often facing harsh social and financial conditions but then progressing to better status and stability. The Jewish story (together with the Ukrainian story) can also be read as the rise of multiculturalism and the victory of legally recognized human rights.

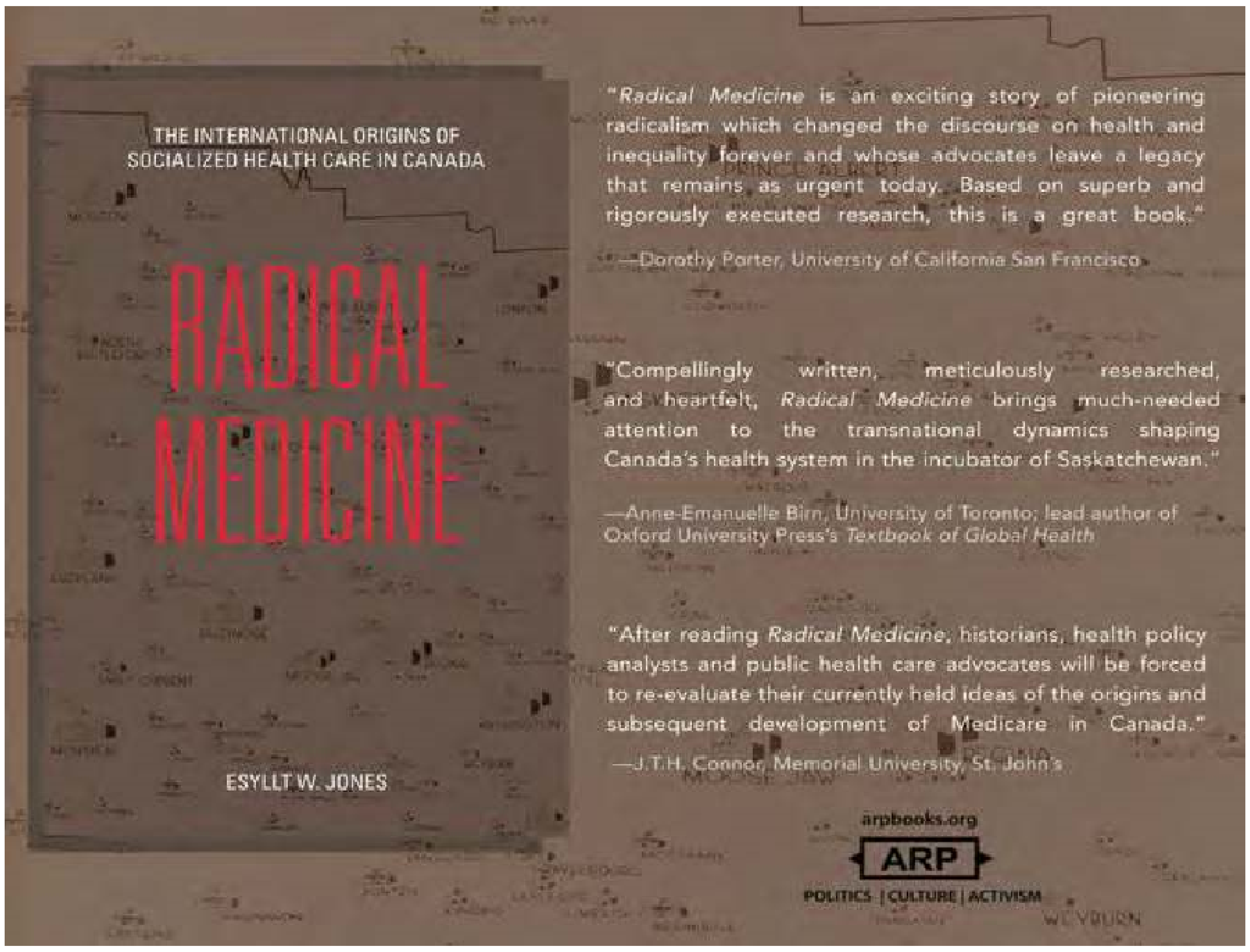
Levine's book reflects these themes as he combines historical narrative with more recent observations. In the first half of the book, his arc echoes those of previous writers, notably Gerald Tulchinsky, Irving Abella, and Harold Troper, describing the chronology of early arrivals, subsequent immigrant waves, and the challenge of creating the educational, cultural, and religious institutions that are essential to Jewish identity.

Wider social, political, and economic themes also stand out. Levine writes about Jews in the military in both world wars (they enlisted in high numbers), in businesses, in the professions, and in public welfare bodies. They often faced the malignant force of anti-Semitism, but in Canada they did not encounter the mobs and murders of the countries they had left behind. Canadian policies, which had begun in the French colonial regime (no Jews or Protestants were permitted), continued in a low-key English manner until recent times: "Antisemitism remained acceptable as long as it was done with discretion," Levine observes.

The struggle for the fair treatment of Jews, and for more openness to potential immigrants, also benefitted other minorities. Yet this battle was not won easily. Levine describes the virulent French-Canadian anti-Semitism voiced by Ernest Lapointe, a prominent federal politician, and the stubborn opposition of key public servants to explain Canada's miserable record toward refugees from fascism and the Nazis. This was "one of the worst and weakest moments" of Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King's career, says Levine (who is also a biographer of King).

But lessons were learned. The next generation of federal political leaders proved more understanding, starting a tradition of accepting large numbers of postwar displaced persons and then refugees from Hungary, Vietnam, and Soviet Russia, among other places.

In job markets, housing, and social practices, restrictions against Jews were linked to the exclusion of other minorities, notably African-Canadians and immigrants from southern Europe; Levine shows that decisions to lift restrictions on Jews were applied to those people as well. The "multiculturalism" policy announced in 1970 by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau (whose federal riding of Mount Royal was home


THE INTERNATIONAL ORIGINS OF SOCIALIZED HEALTH CARE IN CANADA
RADICAL MEDICINE
ESYLLT W. JONES

"*Radical Medicine* is an exciting story of pioneering radicalism which changed the discourse on health and inequality forever and whose advocates leave a legacy that remains as urgent today. Based on superb and rigorously executed research, this is a great book."
—Dorothy Porter, University of California San Francisco

"Compellingly written, meticulously researched, and heartfelt, *Radical Medicine* brings much-needed attention to the transnational dynamics shaping Canada's health system in the incubator of Saskatchewan."
—Anne-Emanuelle Birn, University of Toronto; lead author of Oxford University Press's *Textbook of Global Health*

"After reading *Radical Medicine*, historians, health policy analysts and public health care advocates will be forced to re-evaluate their currently held ideas of the origins and subsequent development of Medicare in Canada."
—J.T.H. Connor, Memorial University, St. John's

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to many Jews) expressed a goal of embracing diversity within a united country. In Levine's words, this was for Jews "as good an excuse as any to come out of the closet."

Biographical details are essential to Levine's approach. He introduces many characters with brief stories about their lives, relationships, and contributions. In this book, he goes into detail about Samuel Bronfman, Bora Laskin, David Lewis, Lillian Freiman, and a host of others.

Levine loses some focus when dealing with contemporary issues. Some examples will suffice: He falls into the trap of assuming that Jews are uncomfortable with Quebec culture and nationalism (yes, some are, but many thousands are not). He states that most Jews supported former Prime Minister Stephen Harper politically (yes, some did, but most did not). He gives examples of women succeeding in the top positions of Jewish secular organizations (but divisions over women's roles remain deep in some religious settings).

On these issues, the verdict of history is not yet evident. But Levine's book stands as a fresh, easily accessible description of how Canada has been a fabled land for Jews and how Jews have added to this country's attractiveness to others.

Reviewed by **Victor Rabinovitch**, who was for eleven years the president of the Canadian Museum of Civilization (now the Canadian Museum of History) and the Canadian War Museum. He is a distinguished fellow in the School of Policy Studies at Queen's University.

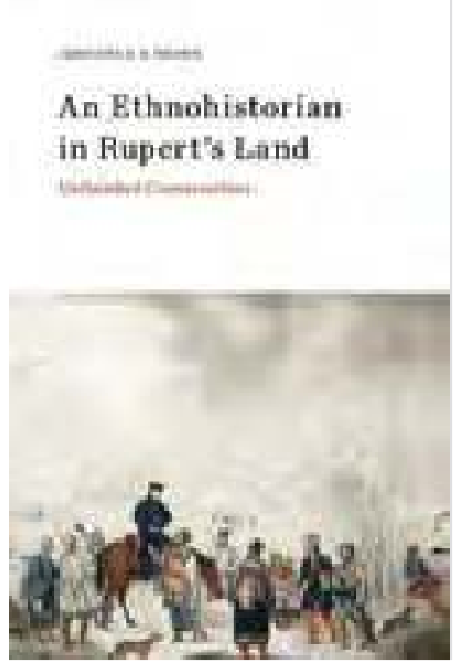
RESPECTFUL TRAILBLAZING

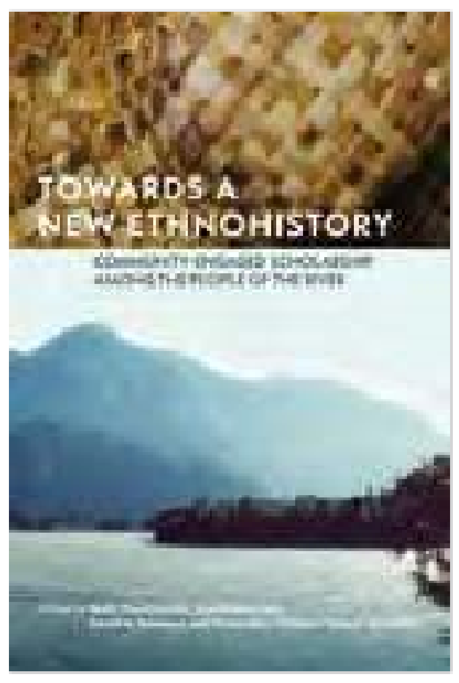
An Ethnohistorian in Rupert's Land: Unfinished Conversations

by Jennifer S. H. Brown
AU Press, 368 pages, $44.95

Towards a New Ethnohistory: Community-Engaged Scholarship Among the People of the River

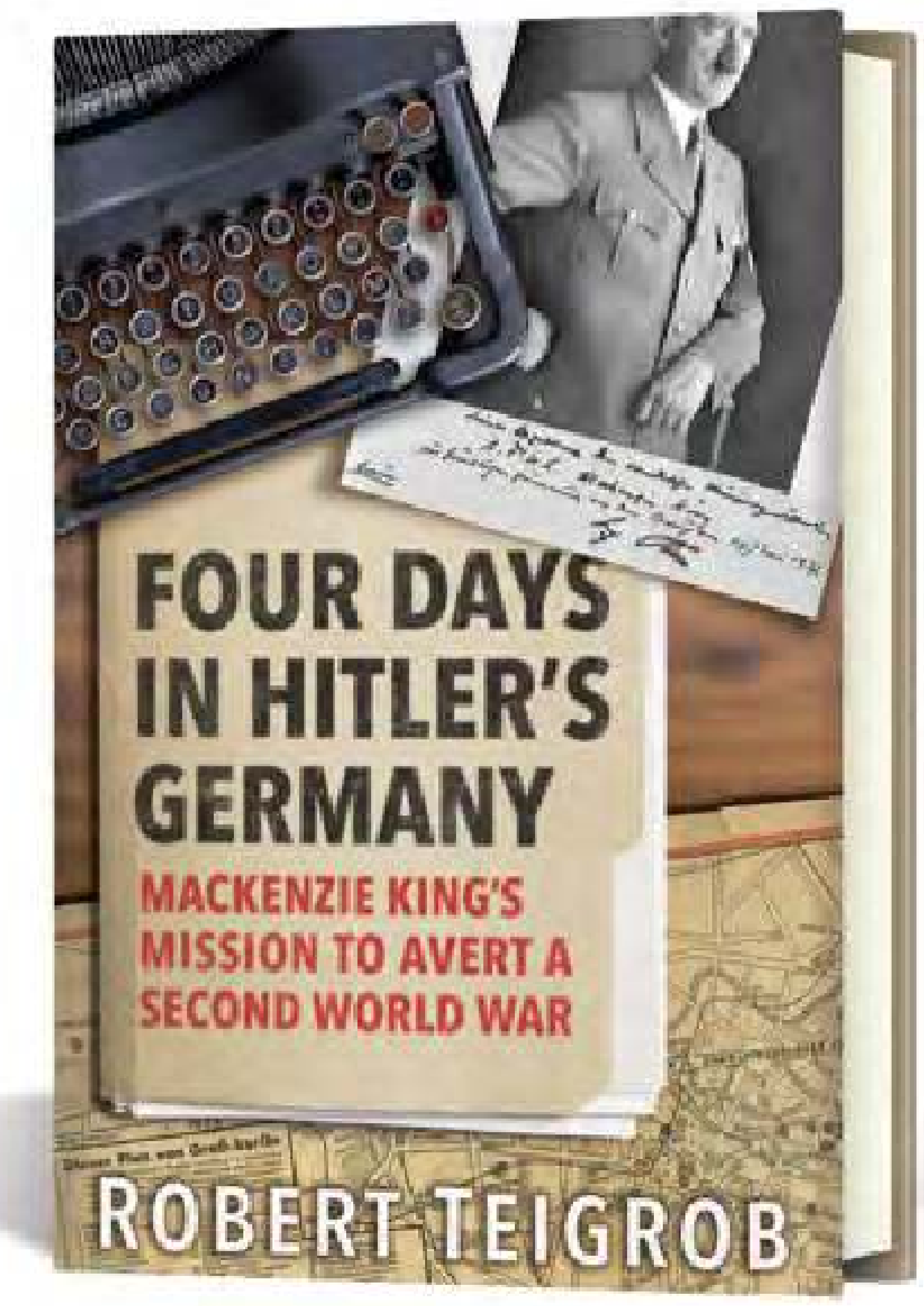
edited by Keith Thor Carlson, John Sutton Lutz, David M. Schaepe, and Naxaxalhts'i (Albert "Sonny" McHalsie)
University of Manitoba Press,
303 pages, $27.95


An Ethnohistorian in Rupert's Land


TOWARDS A NEW ETHNOHISTORY

In this era of reconciliation, ethnohistory has emerged as a fertile field of exploration for scholars, as these two books demonstrate. Anthropologist Jennifer S.H. Brown's collection of essays mines her four decades of research into the fur trade and

New from
University of Toronto Press


FOUR DAYS IN HITLER'S GERMANY
MACKENZIE KING'S MISSION TO AVERT A SECOND WORLD WAR
ROBERT TEIGROB

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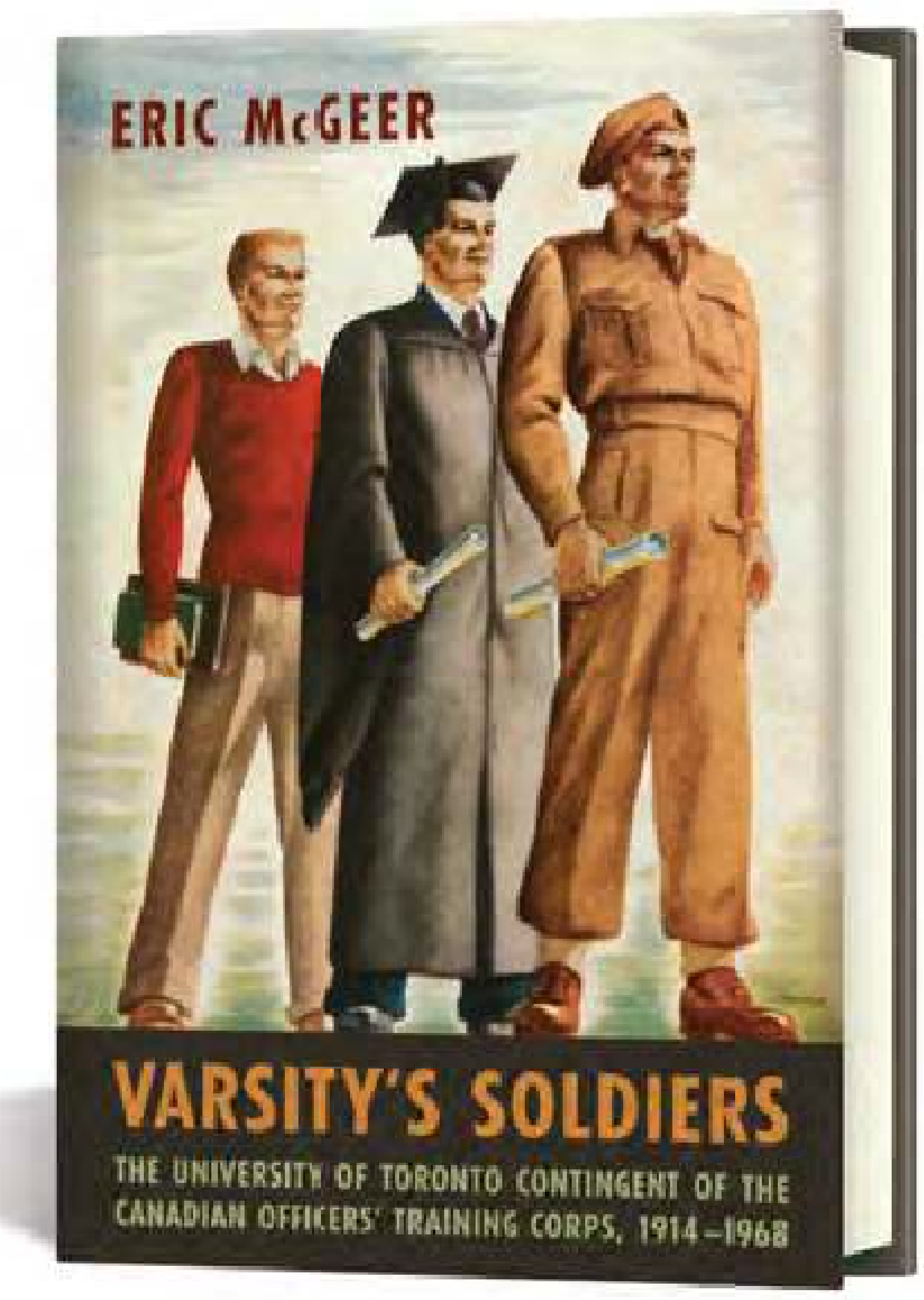
ERIC McGEER
VARSITY'S SOLDIERS
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONTINGENT OF THE CANADIAN OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS, 1914–1968

ISBN 9781487503529

"Carefully researched and beautifully written..."

– Geoffrey Hayes
University of Waterloo

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its impact on the Cree and Ojibwe people of Rupert's Land. The editors of *Towards a New Ethnohistory* draw from twenty years of research by young scholars working with the Stó:lō Nation in British Columbia. Both are weighty academic tomes that interested scholars and patient general readers will find rewarding.

Brown admits that the term "ethnohistory" is somewhat nebulous. A dictionary will describe it as combining history and anthropology, particularly when studying Indigenous or non-Western people. Brown elaborates, saying ethnohistorians are "making connections among different fields, assembling a varied toolkit to approach texts and other sources of information, Indigenous and non-Indigenous, critically and from different angles."

Brown taught history at the University of Winnipeg from 1983 to 2011. From there, she only had to walk a few blocks to pore over the holdings of the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, and she made frequent trips to northern Manitoba to visit Ojibwe and Cree communities.

The eighteen essays Brown selected include talks and articles from various points in her career. In one article she examines how the Cree and the Europeans differed in the way they named geographical features. For instance, what we now know as Hudson Bay was called Winni-pek, "the sea of dirty (salty) water," by the Lowland Cree or Omushkego. European explorers tended to name landmarks after themselves, their hometowns, or their royal sponsors, whereas Cree names were usually descriptive. For instance, while Thomas James gave the name Cape Henrietta Maria, after King Charles I's queen, to the entrance to James Bay, Brown writes that the Omushkego called it "Ki-ni-ki-mooshwaaw, meaning 'barren or treeless headland,' a visual image … that surely would not have delighted the queen."

Another essay, engagingly titled "The Blind Men and the Elephant," points out that whoever approaches the fur trade (and other aspects of) history forms views that depend on their preconceptions and on whatever part they've touched first. "Indeed, some, having discovered the tusk or the trunk, will continue to maintain that the fur trade was epitomized by hard-nosed, aggressive capitalists piercing the flank of Canada's north…. Others, touching the velvet ears or the soft undersides, will keep to a gentler view of the fur trade as a setting for communication, intercultural partnerships, and new social or even tender ties."

Brown was among those who touched the soft undersides. She describes herself and her fellow scholar Sylvia Van Kirk as "the Bobbsey Twins of fur trade social history." In their time, both were pioneers in researching the role of the Indigenous women who became "country wives" of European fur traders and were frequently abandoned when their men returned to Europe. Many Canadians living today are descended from these fur trade relationships.

As Brown notes, the narrow and lonely historical trails she and Van Kirk followed "are now broad and well-trodden by scholars of many backgrounds who are shedding light on subjects and areas scarcely thought of in the 1970s." Those scholars include the contributors to *Towards a New Ethnohistory*. As researchers with the University of Victoria's Stó:lō Ethnohistory Field School, which was established in 1998, they are part of a new generation that is sensitive to the protocols and philosophical outlooks of the Indigenous communities they are studying. They call it "decolonized ethnohistory."

In his prologue to the book, Naxaxalhts'i (Albert "Sonny" McHalsie) notes that the scholars have done more than simply record the history of Stó:lō people living along British Columbia's Fraser River: "They have helped to find answers to historical questions that are priorities for Stó:lō people and families." He observes that the researchers are building long-term relationships with the communities they study. This was not the case in the past, when students and professors would show up for a summer of fieldwork and then disappear. "I remember elders telling me how much they resented the researchers who came to interview them and then were never heard from again," writes Naxaxalhts'i.

The topics in the essays cover Stó:lō legends, stories, kinship, memory, and ancestral naming, along with studies of fishing sites along the Fraser River, the culture of boxing among young men, their pride in working as loggers, and how the Stó:lō care for their dead. One chapter describes a successful attempt to revive one of the Stó:lō languages. Launched in 1971, the Skulkayn Heritage Project involved conducting interviews with the last of the elders to be fluent in Halq'eméylem and recording their traditional stories. This resulted in a revival of the language and a dictionary that is now available as a smart phone app. "The project affirmed the Stó:lō way of life as a *living culture*," writes Ella Bedard.

These scholars demonstrate how to work with local people in a respectful way that furthers the communities' own interests, part of what they have termed "the New Ethnohistory." As Adam Goudry writes in the epilogue, "researchers who avoid community participation are more likely to be challenged in intellectual spaces, to face cutting criticism at conferences or public talks, and to be critiqued in hushed tones by scholars." The New Ethnohistory is here to stay.

Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, a former senior editor at *Canada's History* magazine and a settler who lives in the heart of what was once known as Rupert's Land.

CanadasHistory.ca/Books

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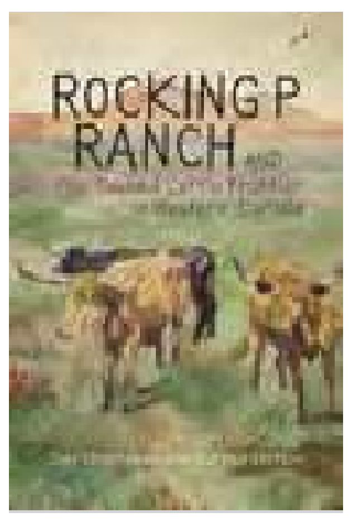
MORE BOOKS

Rocking P Ranch and the Second Cattle Frontier in Western Canada

by Clay Chattaway and Warren Elofson
University of Calgary Press,
263 pages, $42.99



Rocking P Ranch and The Second Cattle Frontier in Western Canada provides an intimate look at one of the largest and most ambitious cattle ranches in southern Alberta. Written as a collaboration between University of Calgary historian Warren Elofson and rancher Clay Chattaway, the book shares the story of the Rocking P Ranch, founded by Chattaway's grandfather Roderick Macleay.

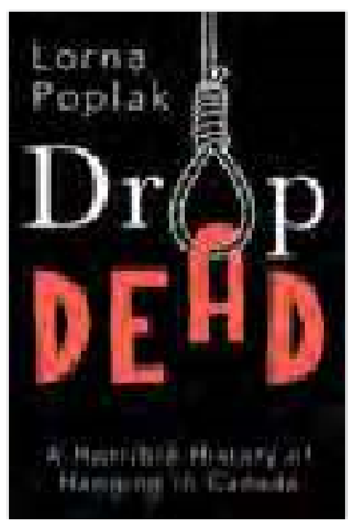
While the first half of their book describes the establishment and growth of Macleay's ranching operation, it is in the second half of the book that the stories of the Rocking P Ranch really shine. In this section, Chattaway and Elofson introduce and analyze the *Rocking P Gazette*, a monthly newspaper handwritten and published between 1923 and 1925 by Macleay's teenaged daughters, Dorothy and Maxine.

For seventeen issues, they chronicled the happenings on the ranch. As editors of the newspaper, they wrote articles, provided nearly all of its illustrations, and gathered contributions from ranch hands and other employees. Filled with stories, cartoons, poems, and more, issues of the *Rocking P Gazette* provide insight not only into the daily happenings of this cattle outfit but also into the overall social, cultural, and economic aspects of family ranching operations in the Canadian foothills.

Especially given their young ages, Dorothy and Maxine offered astute commentary about their life on the ranch that is both entertaining and informative. Their impressive artwork, poetry, and writings are scattered throughout the new book, contributing to a lively read and a captivating account of the Rocking P Ranch. — *Brooke Campbell*

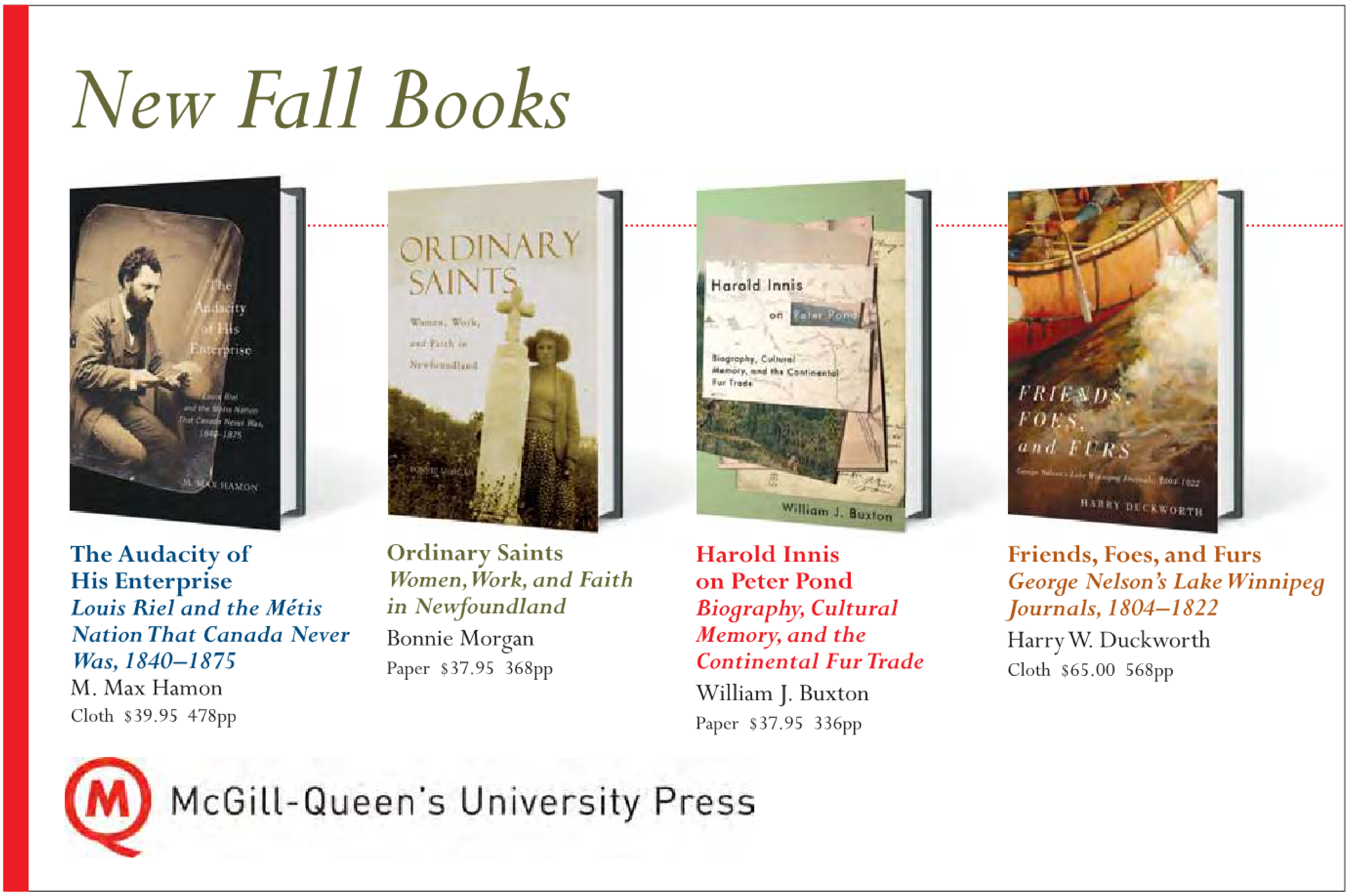
Drop Dead: A Horrible History of Hanging in Canada

by Lorna Poplak
Dundurn Press, 208 pages, $24.99



At the risk of being labelled morbid, I have to confess that I found this book fascinating.

In *Drop Dead* by Lorna Poplak, the author has provided a serious exploration of Canada's history of capital punishment from Confederation to abolition, honing in on the preferred method: public hanging. Poplak uses the results of her research well and tells


New Fall Books

The Audacity of His Enterprise
Louis Riel and the Métis Nation That Canada Never Was, 1840–1875
M. Max Hamon
Cloth $39.95 478pp

Ordinary Saints
Women, Work, and Faith in Newfoundland
Bonnie Morgan
Paper $37.95 368pp

Harold Innis on Peter Pond
Biography, Cultural Memory, and the Continental Fur Trade
William J. Buxton
Paper $37.95 336pp

Friends, Foes, and Furs
George Nelson's Lake Winnipeg Journals, 1804–1822
Harry W. Duckworth
Cloth $65.00 568pp

McGill-Queen's University Press

captivating stories about the people who were involved — from the accusers, to the accused, to those who carried out the sentences.

While some of us are old enough to remember the period prior to the abolishment of capital punishment, we tend to think of it as a sentence for murder and treason. However, in *Drop Dead* we're told that in the nineteenth century more than one hundred offences were punishable by death, including leaving graffiti on church walls and stealing a cow.

Given the numbers of characters and stories that are included in this book, it would be difficult to single out just one. Yet the chapter on Arthur Ellis, Canada's most famous hangman, stands out for a few reasons.

Ellis was the hangman of choice across Canada for twenty-five years, handling some of the most publicized sentences of his day. When his work took him to smaller communities that did not have a gallows, he made his own and painted it red.

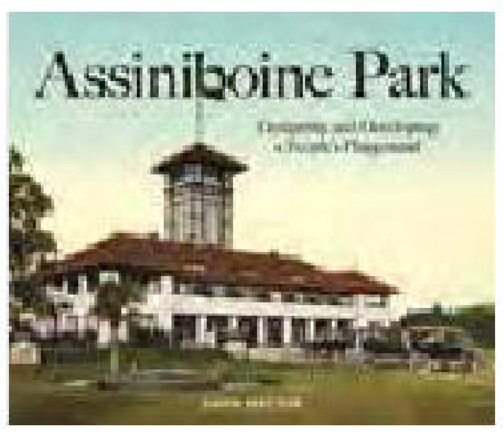
Due to poor record-keeping, and the tendency by other hangmen to use Ellis's name as an alias, it is impossible to say with accuracy how many people he executed over his career. Ellis claimed that it was more than six hundred people, across Canada, England, and the Middle East.

His success came to an ignominious end in 1935 when he miscalculated the drop of a female prisoner that resulted in her decapitation. Distaste for executing women was already prevalent among the Canadian population — only one per cent of those executed were female — but this tragedy put an end to selling tickets to the public.

Drop Dead shines a light on a dark history. Yet, thanks to Poplak's ability as a storyteller, as well as the inclusion of images and a well-curated bibliography, her book is, dare I say, an enjoyable read. — *Tanja Hütter*

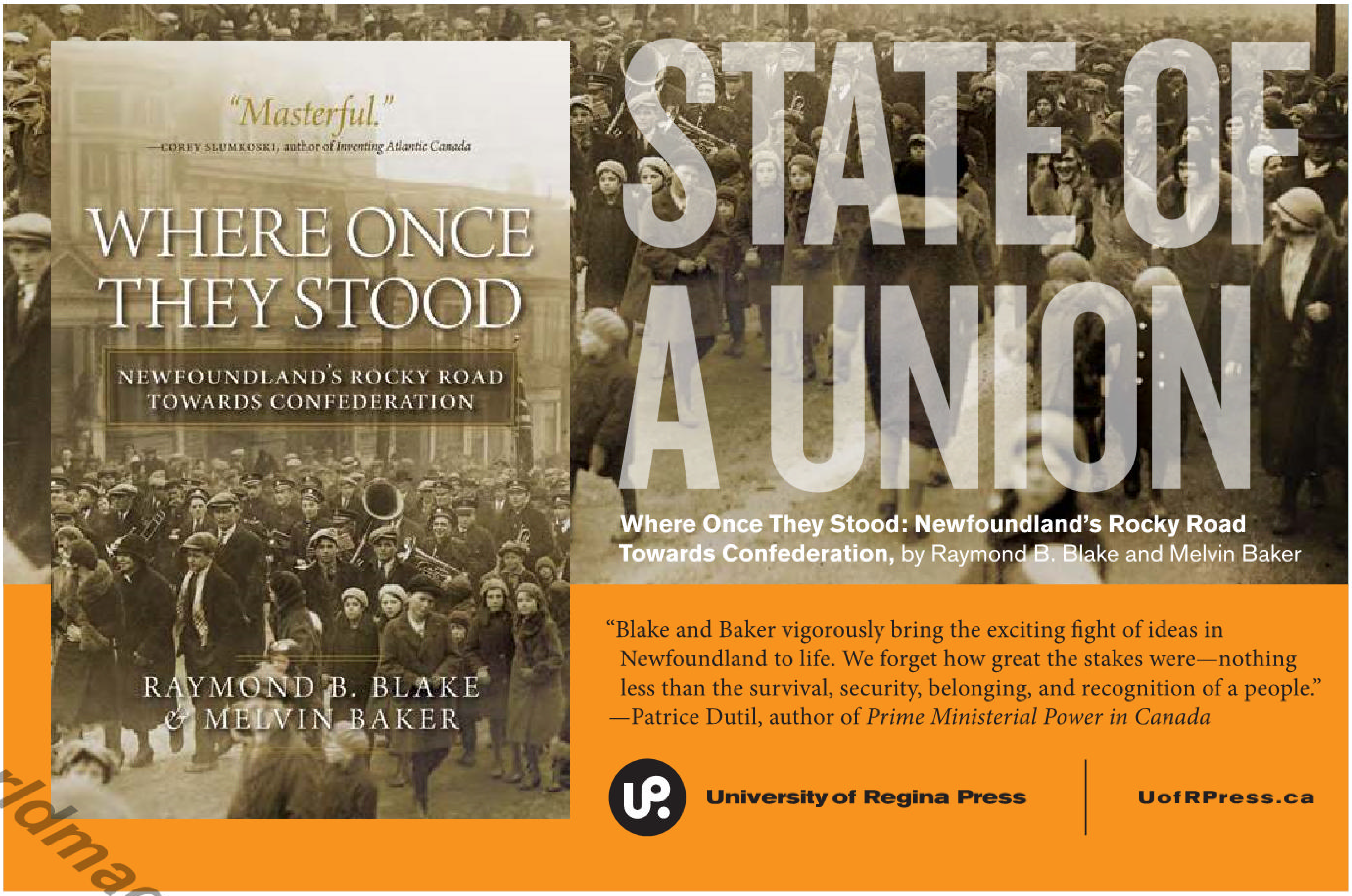
Assiniboine Park: Designing and Developing a People's Playground

by David Spector
Great Plains Publications,
248 pages, $29.95



By the early 1900s, Winnipeg was a booming city sometimes called the "Chicago of the North." In response to a rapid increase in population and industry, residents and city officials alike called for an extensive green space that would provide a reprieve from the noise and pressure of city life.

In 1909, Assiniboine Park officially opened, offering residents a park setting that reflected — or upheld — the social morals of the time. The park emphasized the natural landscape, lim-



"Masterful."
—COREY SLUMKOSKI, author of *Inventing Atlantic Canada*
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NEWFOUNDLAND'S ROCKY ROAD TOWARDS CONFEDERATION
RAYMOND B. BLAKE & MELVIN BAKER
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Where Once They Stood: Newfoundland's Rocky Road Towards Confederation, by Raymond B. Blake and Melvin Baker

"Blake and Baker vigorously bring the exciting fight of ideas in Newfoundland to life. We forget how great the stakes were—nothing less than the survival, security, belonging, and recognition of a people."
—Patrice Dutil, author of *Prime Ministerial Power in Canada*

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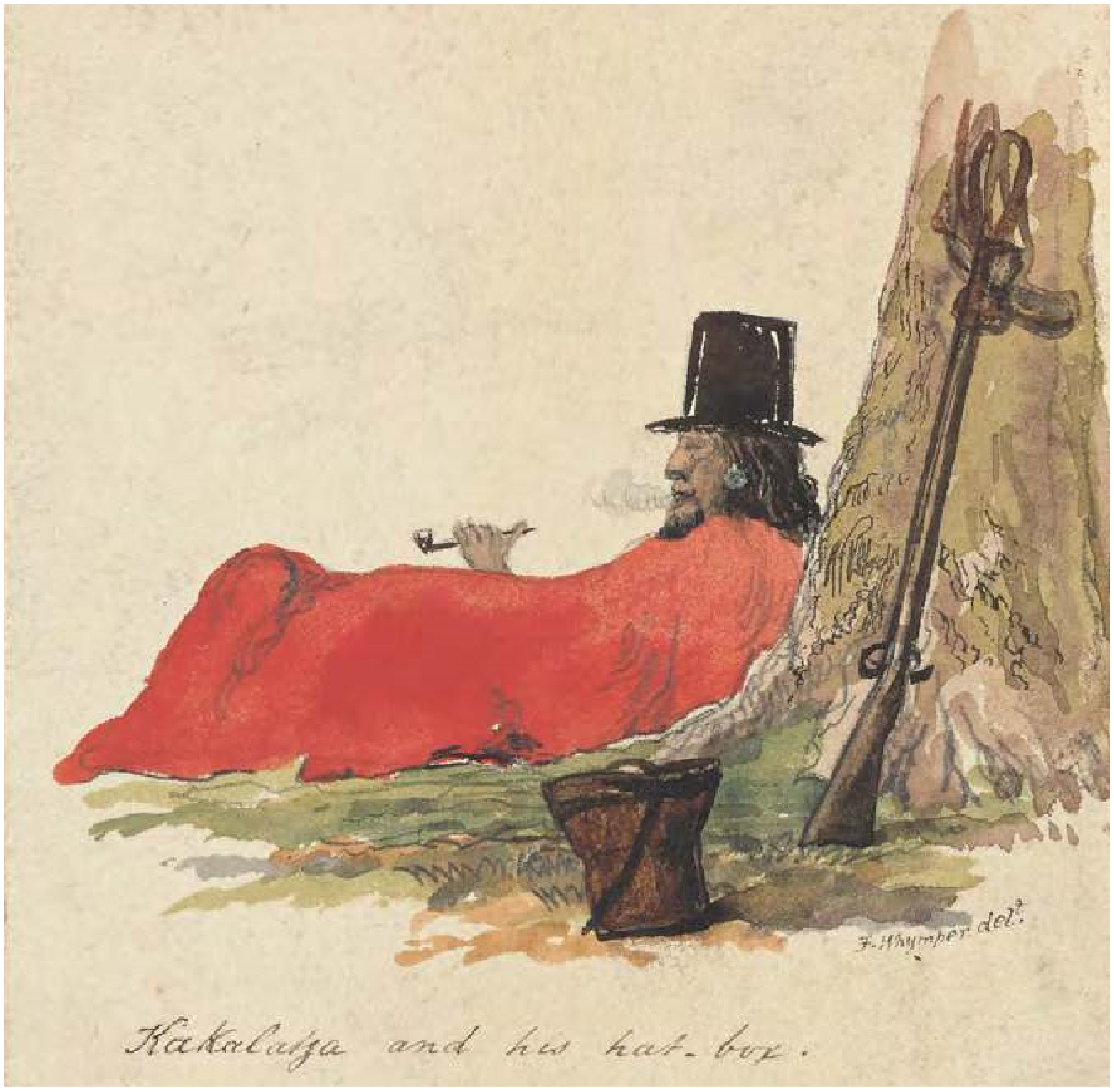

F. Whymper del.
Kakalatza and his hat-box.

MAN OF STYLE This watercolour painting appears in the new book *A Not-So-Savage Land: The Art and Times of Frederick Whymper, 1838–1901* (Heritage House, 256 pages, $29.95). It shows Kakalatza, who served as Whymper's guide and travelled with a box for his beaver hat.

YALE COLLECTION OF WESTERN AMERICANA, BEINECKE RARE BOOK AND MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY.

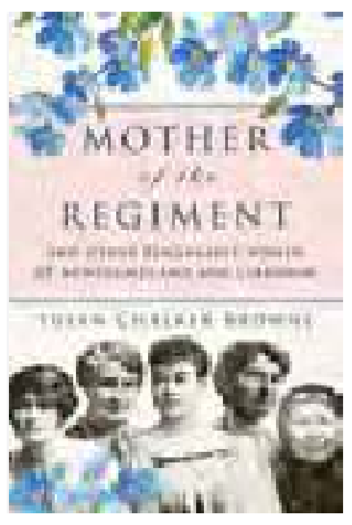
ited commercial activity, and followed the province's *Lord's Day Observance Act*, which prohibited organized picnics, recreation, and play on Sundays.

A new book, *Assiniboine Park: Designing and Developing a People's Playground*, by historian and retired Parks Canada researcher David Spector, provides a comprehensive look at the over-one-hundred-year history of the park, with a focus on infrastructure, major projects, operations and management, and — the park's crown jewel — its zoo.

An accessible and detailed read, the book features plenty of photographs to illustrate the park's evolution. With his book — and at a time when the park has entered a new period of rapid change, under the private management of the charitable Assiniboine Park Conservancy — Spector has made a significant gift to Winnipeggers and their beloved park.
— Joanna Dawson

Mother of the Regiment and other Remarkable Women of Newfoundland and Labrador

by Susan Chalker Browne
Flanker Press, 240 pages, $19.95



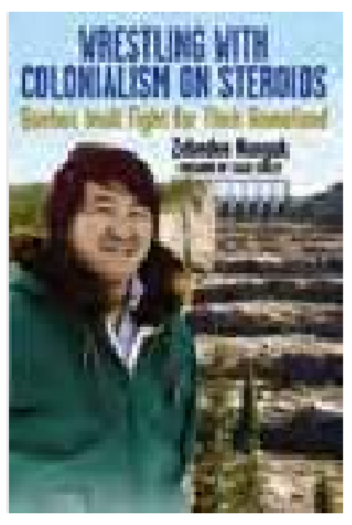
May Furlong, Elise Holloway, Lydia Campbell, Armine Gosling, and Georgina Campbell are five remarkable women who fought against social norms to make a huge impact in Newfoundland at the turn of the twentieth century.

In *Mother of the Regiment* author Susan Browne explores the lives of these women, fleshing out their stories with well-researched details and providing an insightful look into the times and places in which they lived. For example, when exploring the story of Furlong, a renowned supporter of the soldiers of the Newfoundland Regiment, Browne writes: "In 1918 she sent a gift of rhubarb to the Girls' Department of the George V Seaman's Institute." The seemingly odd choice of rhubarb as a gift cleverly points to the dietary significance the vegetable had in the early twentieth century.

It is tiny details like these that really bring the book to life and show that, much like the women in the novel, Browne is remarkable in her own right. *Mother of the Regiment* gives much more than just an overview of lives of five remarkable women; rather, it details the challenges they faced, the battles they won, and their incredible achievements.
— Chinemerem Chigbo

Wrestling with Colonialism on Steroids: Quebec Inuit Fight for Their Homeland

by Zebedee Nungak
Véhicule Press, 129 pages, $15.95



In his memoir, entitled *Wrestling with Colonialism on Steroids*, writer and broadcaster Zebedee Nungak shares with readers both a history of Nunavik (the Arctic region of Quebec) and his first-hand experience of the James Bay hydroelectric project in the early 1970s. Nungak helped to negotiate the James Bay and Northern Quebec Agreement and is a signatory.

The major themes of his book are the relationships among the Cree, the Inuit, the province of Quebec, and the government of Canada; the fight for recognition and the development of representation for Inuit in northern Quebec; and the roles of and relationships to language, environment, and policy.

In what seems to be a conversation with the reader, Nungak brings this episode in Canadian history to life through his metaphors, humour, and matter-of-fact tone. The pocket-sized book includes photos of Nungak and of other people featured in his story.
— Jessica Knapp

INSPIRING ARTISTRY

Competition honours talented young Indigenous writers and artists.

Historica Canada's Indigenous Arts & Stories program encourages First Nations, Métis, and Inuit youth from across the country to submit creative writing or art exploring a moment or theme in their history, culture, or identity. Launched more than fifteen years ago, the competition has seen entries from more than five thousand young people between the ages of six and twenty-nine. A jury of notable Indigenous artists, writers, and community leaders from across Canada selects the winners.

The tremendous creativity and artistry displayed by the participants is a reminder of the capacity of both writing and art to empower Indigenous youth and to educate all Canadians. Encouraging youth to explore their voice through art and writing is vital to the continued survival and revival of Indigenous cultural heritage and an integral part of our country's shared reconciliation journey.

Indigenous Arts & Stories hopes to inspire the next generation of Indigenous artists and writers to share their voices and stories with the nation. This year's winners come from across the country and reflect the diverse experiences of the participants.

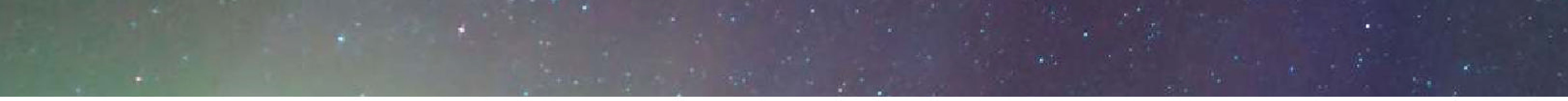
In the writing category, the senior winner was Gabriel Castilloux Calderon, twenty-seven, of Edmonton (non-status Mi'kmaq and Algonquin). Calderon's story, *Ishkode (Fire)*, tells the story of a relationship between a Two-Spirit youth and his grandmother. The junior winner was Hanna Sault-Hartwick, sixteen, of Kelowna, British Columbia (Mississaugas of the Credit). Her story, *Whole*, speaks of the challenges of navigating the Indigenous and non-Indigenous worlds as the child of one Indigenous and one Caucasian parent.

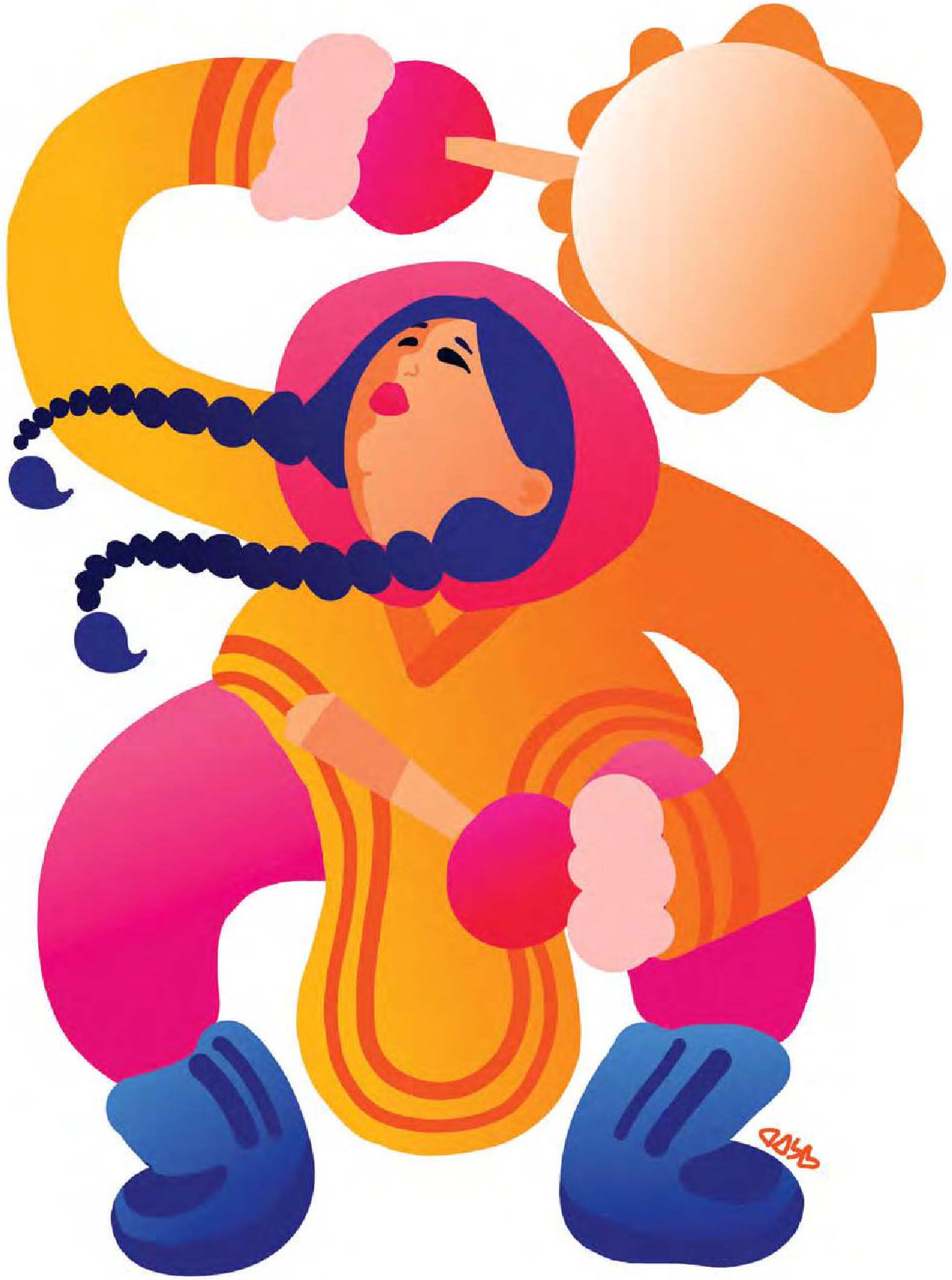
Prizes are also offered to younger writers. The emerging writer winner in the 10–13 age group was Preston Gabriel, twelve, of Oliver, B.C. (Osoyoos Indian Band/Penticton Indian Band), for *Lost Without It*. The emerging artist winner for the 6–9 age group was Nescia Giangrosso, eight, of Elginburg, Ontario (Anishinaabekwe), for *The Language Nest*.

In the arts category, the senior winner was Aija Komangapik, twenty, of Iqaluit, Nunavut (Inuit) for her image *Drumdancer*. Her piece uses vibrant colours to depict the movement of traditional dancers. The junior winner was Ashton Walker, sixteen, of Winnipeg (St. Theresa Point First Nation). The artist's mixed-media piece, *Meant Beauty*, explores the legacy of the "sixties scoop" of Indigenous children.

In the emerging artist category, the age 10–13 winner was Patience Woodford, twelve, of Fairford, Manitoba (Pinaymootang), for *The Crying Girl.* The winner of the age 6–9 category was Adam Lenk, nine, of Langley, B.C. (Tsimshian Metlakatla Band in Prince Rupert) for *Eagle Mother*.

To learn more about the writers and artists, visit www.our-story.ca, where you can also explore pieces from past winners and finalists.





Drumdancer, by Aija Komangapik.

Whole (excerpt) by Hanna Sault-Hartwick

On my rez, we always gather for large dinners, where the huge table is so cramped that the family spills onto the couches and floor as the TV blares. I always end up there with my mom, watching her ask about people I don't know.

Some of my aunts ask me about school.

It's there with them, and my mom, that it feels like home.

Except....

I was young. Six, maybe. "Go play with your cousins," my mom tells me, eager to chat with her aunties. Eager for me to fit in, too. With my family.

I, of course, ran downstairs after my cousins. What mom said is law. But I was a shy little thing, prone to tears. I cried twice that day.

My cousins didn't see the Native blood — their blood — flowing red through my veins. They did not see my whole; they saw my half. A girl, born off-reserve with too-shiny shoes. The one thing I remember is that I stubbed my toe on a plastic basketball hoop kicking them away from me. I was six, and I had just started karate, and they decided to try to beat me up because I wasn't born Native enough. They learned about my Native blood that day. I learned about my Native spirit.

I am a bit older, and I jam out to A Tribe Called Red, loving the way the beat pulses in my rib cage, in my soul. I think, maybe, that it reminds me of the people behind me who listened to the same drumbeats in a different time. I'm in elementary school at the time, and many kids ask what I listen to. Each time, when I play it for them, I am always wary of the judgment in their eyes. They hear screaming; senseless and abhorrent. They never hear the battle cry in the words. They never hear the survivors, and the resistance in the pound of the drums. I do.

When I was nine, my lovely little cousin was born to my mother's brother. She, too, much like me, had a shock of brown hair almost immediately after her entrance into this world. She, too, much like me, was half Native, half white. I used to envy her. I used to hate myself, too, because she fit so seamlessly into a culture while I didn't. How can you envy an innocent little baby girl, because your papa gave her a traditional name before she was even born? How can you envy a sweet baby girl with a brilliant little mind and a knack for sipping juice boxes because your mother refused to allow you a traditional name years after you were born? I don't know how, but I did. No matter that I loved her.

My mom used to tell me many stories. At night, she would read to me about Turtle Island, and I'd listen with wide eyes. But my favourite story is one she told me in casual passing.

Whenever it thunders loud enough to shake my bones, my mom tells me how our ancestors are playing lacrosse. "Someone just got slammed hard," she always says with a twinkle in her eyes. I like that idea, that those who have moved on still gather to have fun.

Sometimes I wish for thunderstorms, because that is when I can feel my ancestors the closest, when I can reach out and feel the sweat and tears of them raining against my skin. They calm me enough that I can swathe myself in blankets and sit next to my mom, listening to the rain and thunder and lightning, and remember what it is like to be human.

I am fifteen, and I have learnt to love myself a little better. It's grade nine social studies class, and the teacher is quietly explaining about residential schools. I am fine through it, even though a weight starts to settle in my shoulders. The other kids are definitely fine through it, more inclined to topics like gossip, and sports, and who liked their Instagram post and who didn't. My teacher puts on a video — an old propaganda video for residential schools. I am fine through it, though the weight starts to settle a little angrily in my throat. My teacher plays one last video. This one is different, because it has faces of people with the same dark hair as mine. Sad faces. Wrinkled faces with set mouths. Young women and men. My grandma went to a residential school, they say. Horror does not begin to cover it. They recount stories. I am not fine through it.

The weight has settled into the pit of my stomach, and I am crying. Softly, so softly, because the other kids are definitely fine through it, more inclined to topics like gossip, and sports, and who liked their Instagram post and who didn't.

And I am crying and crying because I can feel that shared, heavy and old sadness that spans generations in my heart. I can feel the pain of it, and I am alone. But despite of all this, here is what I will tell you.

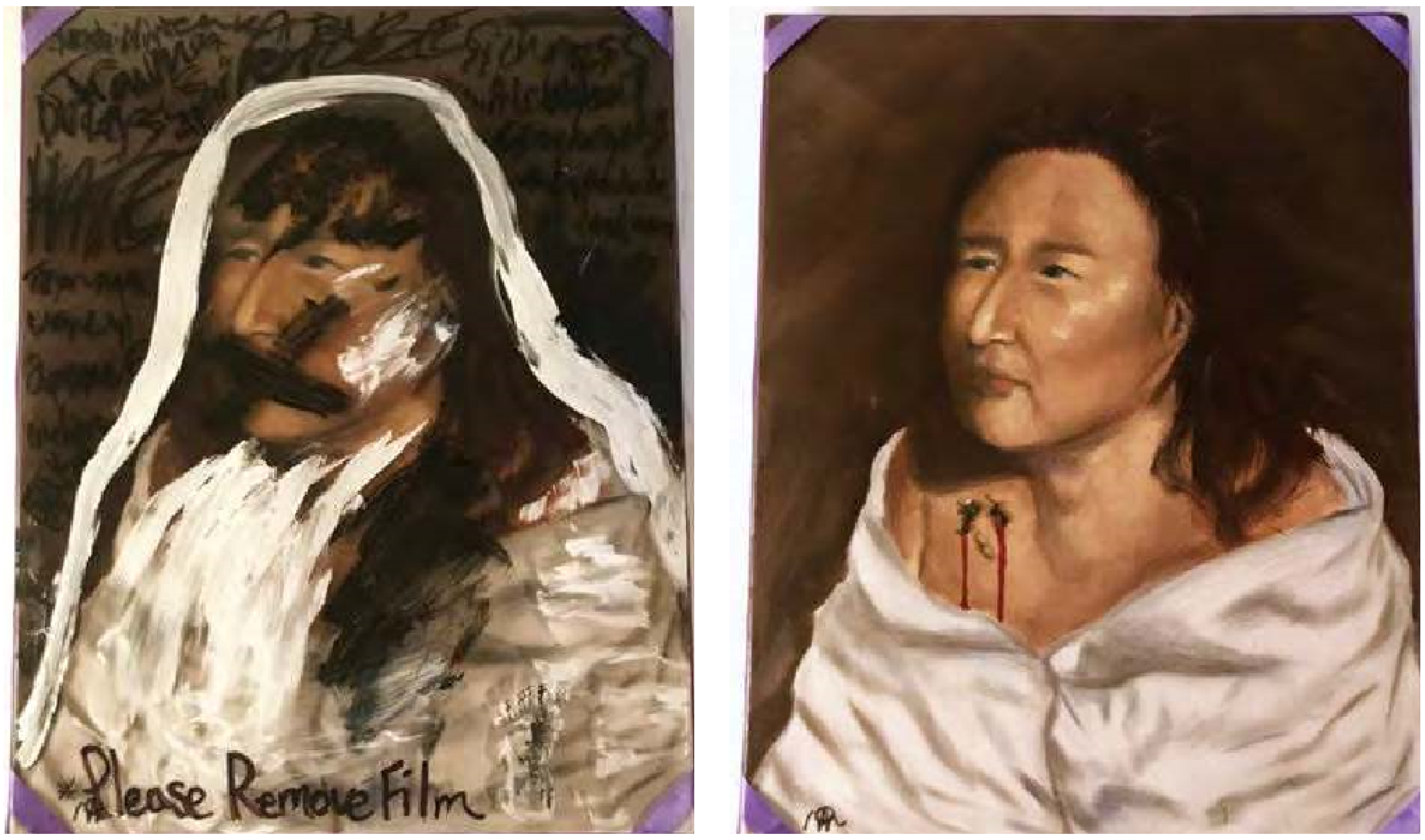
At sixteen, I have learnt to fight with my fists and body until I have become a wolf in a woman's skin. Ten years of training means no more fear from mean cousins, nor anyone else. And one day, I will teach other Native women how to bare their fangs, too. I will put feathers on our T-shirts and remind them that they are descended from warriors.

I listen to A Tribe Called Red before I compete in martial arts now. I don't care if others don't like it, because I do. The drum is an echo of my heart and warrior spirit, and I will remind them of that spirit when I win and my arm is raised high and loudly, like a battle cry.

I love my baby cousin with all my heart. I was in a dark place when I could not love her with every inch of myself. I Facetime her when I can and smile at the girl she is becoming. I want to tell you that we are all descended from warriors. I still wish and dream with eagles when they fly overhead, and I like my hair best when it is braided. It does not matter if someone tells me I am not a whole but only a half. You are white? Yes. You are Native? Yes.

My blood will always ring true, so don't you dare tell the wolf that I am, that it does not.

Konoronkwa, my mom tells me. It is one of the most beautiful words, painted in culture. I love you too. I am not half-white, or half-Native. I am whole.



Meant Beauty, by Ashton Walker, features layers of imagery relating to the "sixties scoop," a practice that occurred in Canada where Indigenous children were taken from their families and placed in foster care or put up for adoption. The images depict Walker's mother, a sixties scoop survivor; by lifting the inked and blurred film layer that covers the image of the left, Walker's mother's true portrait is revealed, right.

Ishkode (Fire) (excerpt) by Gabriel Castilloux Calderon

His reflection peers back at him, judging his choice for the shade of lipstick. He scowls back at it. His hair is short. Much shorter than he would like it to be. But when his mom's boyfriend had grasped at his hair enough to hold him immobile with his locks enveloped in filthy fingers, screaming into his face, he knew he couldn't keep it like that. Unfortunately, the decision was made for him as the monster grasped his gutting knife from the table; still bloody from the doe he had been butchering out back, and ran it through his hair. His mother had gasped in horror, but did nothing else.

"There!" Yells the monster, holding a mass of hair in his dirty hands. "Now you look like a man," his beer-addled breath piercing every word like a prison sentence as the hair tumbled from his hand, the wind taking it out of the unfinished bush cabin.

He shook his head, as if the motion could make the bad memories disappear. He rubbed more foundation under his blackened eye. More contour on his cheekbones. Ran his hand against his shaved head. Fierce. He walked downstairs, looked at his mother's boyfriend, smiled and waved as he walked out of the house.

He started running, grabbing his bike and speeding away, laughing at the top of his lungs. He felt free. He sped on his bike, past the rows of houses, the broken-down cars and the empties. Finally, he made it to the last house on the road, deep in the bush. There was a dozen or so cars parked in the driveway. He could hear voices behind the house. He had never come here before, so he wasn't sure if he was supposed to bring something.

He snuck around and saw about twenty or so people sitting around a fire, and there in front of them all was Kokomis. She wasn't his grandmother, but everyone called her that. She knew all the stories. She had been one of those hidden from the police during the residential school days. Hiding in the trees and under stumps, she couldn't read, but she could tell stories. The real ones. "*Kwey*!" she says, her voice strong and confident, although she hunched on her camping chair and her hands shook a little. She began by thanking everyone, the spirits and the fire and the people there. He could only catch every second or third word. His mom didn't speak the language, and her boyfriend was white, so neither did he.

Then she started talking about the pipe. He listened to Kokomis share about the Lakota and white buffalo calf woman and how the trade system with the Lakota led to the Algonquins carrying pipes as well. He listened to her explain the calling that a pipe was, to lead a good life.

With each word he became more and more enraptured, feeling the words like smoke envelope him and the bowl's warmth in his left hand, a lit match in the other. His heart echoing with the crackle of the inhale. Like a distant memory. He felt his blood rise and his breath get caught in his throat, tears welled up in his eyes, silently running down his cheeks. He rubbed at them, absentmindedly realizing he had probably ruined his makeup.

The story was over. People got up to shake Kokomis's hand and thanked her for her teaching. They left, giving him dirty looks as they walked back to their cars and on with their night. He sat there, unable to move, unable to go back to his mother and that monster. Kokomis unsteadily rose from her chair, a helper grasping her elbow and helping her rise. Kokomis looked him in the eye. "*Shirley nidijinikaz. Kin tash*?" He took a breath. The helper looked at him, then explained,

"She said...." Kokomis raised a hand to stop him. He took another breath. "*Cody nidijinikaz,*" he replied, his mispronunciation of the words making him feel embarrassed. But Kokomis smiled at him. "*Niminwenindam kikeniminan*," she said to him. He could feel the warmth from the welcoming words. But he couldn't remember how to respond. He lowered his eyes and gently shook his head. She asked him a question, about his mother, but he wasn't clear what.

"I'm sorry, I don't speak Algonquin," he muttered, shame smattering his voice. The smile on Kokomis's face remained, and she nodded to her helper. "She asked who your mother is and who her mother is." He nodded. "Susan," he declared, his voice shaking. "Her mother was Anne." Kokomis nodded, her reply in the language, swift. Her helper translates, "She says, I thought that's who you were. I knew your grandmother well. I remember when your mother was pregnant with you. Susan asked if she was going to have a girl or boy and I told her, you will have both. Susan said, she wasn't carrying twins, I replied, you will see."

He sat there confused. The helper continued. "She says, come over to my house whenever you want, *ayakwe*." He looked up. "What does that mean, *ayakwe*?" The helper repeated to Kokomis; she just looked him in the eye and pointed at her heart then at his. She nodded to him again and told him to have a good night.

After a few minutes he walked back to his bike. He was overwhelmed with questions. But for the first time in his life he felt a certainty about himself. He didn't understand why Kokomis said his heart was *ayakwe*, but it was like he had heard the word before, maybe in a dream. It felt right.

"Ayakwe," he whispered to himself.

He grabs the wrapped pipe hidden in his mother's closet and dashes out of his house in yesterday's clothes, running to his bicycle before anyone can intercept him. He arrives to the last house on the end of the dirt road in record time. He's met there by Kokomis herself. "Cody!" she says by greeting and goes to give him a big hug. He gently pats his hand on her back, uncomfortable by the show of affection. He lets his other arm go limp at his side, his knuckles white in their tight grasp of the blanket bundle he carries.

Kokomis lets go of him and talks to her helper in the language. "She wants to know what's in your hand. Looks important," her helper drawls out in translation.

He sighs, feeling resigned. "This is my grandmother's pipe. My mom said she gave it to her so that she could pass it on to her daughter or granddaughter. But my mom never uses it and doesn't know what it's for. I don't know anything. Except what you shared last night, about white buffalo calf woman."

Kokomis nods, her eyes shining. She talks rapidly, excitedly. Her helper translates. "She says that she's happy you came. She's been waiting for ya. Says that maybe that pipe's for ya. It's up to ya to talk to it, see what it wants. That if that pipe chose ya then it's a big responsibility but ya can handle it. She says, ya can come and do pipe ceremony here. We do them on Sunday mornings, instead of going to church."

"But I'm not a girl!" he retorts. He can't have this pipe. It wasn't meant for him.

The helper translates, while he and Kokomis go back and forth for a while. He feels impatient. Not speaking the language is making it worse for him. He feels even more useless, not Native enough or cultural enough to be here.

"She says that your body parts don't matter, the pipe cares 'bout your spirit, and *ayakwe* or two spirit are in the middle, yous don't need to be anything but yourself. Am I making sense ta ya?" He nods. "Ya, it makes sense. I just don't know what to make of it. I'm not like you guys, I don't speak Algonquin, I don't know anything about our culture besides what they tell us at school. I feel like I'm not meant for any of this."

He starts crying out loud. Kokomis holds him tightly. After many minutes, he starts to quiet down. He lets go of Kokomis and wipes his face, looking behind him to see her helper with an abalone shell and some lit smudge in it being blown in his face by an eagle wing fan that he's waving back and forth. "Is that to make me stop crying?" he asks. The helper shakes his head. "It's to keep ya crying. So ya let it all out."

He nods his head. He feels a bit better. Kokomis is still there grounding him. She grabs the blanket bundle and gently places it on the table. She proceeds to unwrap it gently, then with a roll of her chin she beckons her helper over with the smudge bowl. She gives him a pointed look then points her chin at what she's doing. He gets the message and watches what she does attentively. She takes the bowl and separates it from the stem. She gently lifts it towards the sky, then brings it over to the smudge bowl where she slowly rotates the bowl so every part of it touches the smoke. Then she places it back in the blanket. She lifts the stem and does the same, ensuring that every part receives the attention of the lit sage. Kokomis says something to her helper.

"She says that's the first lesson. Ya always need to cleanse your pipe. She says that ya cried for the pipe. It's been very sad. No one took care of it. It's healing tears ya cried for it. She says ya take your time with it. Let the medicine cleanse it before ya use it every time. She asks if ya'll come on Sunday."

He nods. "Yah. I will. What time?"

Her helper smiles. "Sunrise. I'll come pick ya up, it's aways to bike first thing in the morning." He smiles back.

"Opwàgan," Kokomis says, pointing to the pipe. She looks at him expectantly. "Ohpwahgun," he says. Kokomis smiles.

After a long day, he begins to get ready to leave. "Is it OK if the pipe stays here? It's safer," he says.

Her helper asks Kokomis. She nods and says yes. He bikes into the night, feeling a sense of peace come over him. He feels a lightness in his chest, so grateful to be different, to be two spirit, so that his grandmother's pipe wasn't lonely and waiting anymore.

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A project of: HISTORICA CANADA

A cyclist rides along a bike trail beside the Ottawa River near Parliament Hill.

Velo voyageurs

Touring the Ottawa River region by bicycle. *by Joel Ralph and Jessie Klassen*

The Ottawa River is a scenic and historic waterway uniquely linked to Montreal and francophone Canada, and for early European explorers and fur traders was a major route in and out of what is today Canada.

Together we had been planning a trip to mark our tenth wedding anniversary, and the shores of the Ottawa River from Ottawa to Montreal made an ideal route. We travelled not by canoe, as the voyageurs would have done, but by bike along Le chemins d'eau and Quebec's Route Verte network of bike trails.

We set off from Ottawa along the southern shore of the river. Ottawa's bike network took us easily over the first twenty kilometres to the edge of the city and into the countryside. The river itself was calm, and boaters enjoyed this particularly hot Sunday afternoon.

Approaching the town of Rockland, Ontario, where we would spend our first night, we saw a huge Franco-Ontarian flag. The flag concept was originally developed by historian Gaétan Gervais, and in 2001 it was made the official symbol of Franco-Ontarians. It's an early reminder that while the river divides Ontario and Quebec it doesn't divide the rich French-Canadian culture of the area.

We entered into Quebec early the next morning at Thurso via one of the many small ferries that cross the river. Having enjoyed our brief moment actually on the water, we turned into Parc national de Plaisance, a Quebec provincial park, and cycled along a beautiful bike trail surrounded by blue herons and other wildlife. From there we made good time along Quebec's Route 134. It was immediately apparent that the Route Verte paths and highway connections were a significant upgrade over their Ontario counterparts.

We arrived at noon in the town of Montebello and enjoyed a lunch of savoury crepes at Le Café Entre Amis. In addition to the delicious meal, if you ask nicely the owner will tell you where to find the secret sandbar along the river, where you can dip your feet on a hot day.

TOP: OTTAWA TOURISM. OPPOSITE PAGE: JOEL RALPH

The town of Montebello is home to Manoir Papineau National Historic Site. Tucked in the woods and overlooking the river, the magnificent manor house was home to French-Canadian leader Louis-Joseph Papineau after his return from exile following the rebellions of 1837 and 1838.

Built in 1850, the house served as a place for Papineau to host eminent guests who travelled up the river from Montreal. Today the site provides an incredible window into upper-class society in nineteenth-century Lower Canada.

On a quiet weekday afternoon, we received our own private tour through the main floor bedrooms and dining room, as well as the grand salon where guests would go after dinner to discuss the political and religious issues of the day. The luxury of the home masks what was no doubt a difficult day-to-day struggle for the majority of people who made their life along the river. (Please note, Manoir Papineau is closed for the remainder of 2019 for restoration work; it is scheduled to reopen in 2020.)

The house was acquired in 1925 and converted into the Seigneury Club, named after the traditional Quebec land system. The wealthy new owners built the accompanying and far grander Château Montebello — now the Fairmont Le Château Montebello. Built in only four months by an army of 3,500 workers (an event that deserves its own study), and constructed with more than ten thousand red cedar logs, the building was officially opened in July 1930 with a visit by the Governor General of Canada. Historian Danielle Metcalfe-Chenail notes in her history of Laurentian Air Services that the club was part of a proliferation of private hunt clubs built at the time and consisted of between 700 and 1,300 private members.

The buildings are full of intimate details, from the artwork depicting the history of Canada and the carefully painted wooden slats above the indoor pool to the grand fireplace and dining room that have for the past century hosted dignitaries, including world leaders during the 1981 G7 Summit. We enjoyed a relaxing afternoon by the river and an anniversary dinner in the dining room.

LE CHATEAU MONTEBELLO

Above: Le Château Montebello, which opened in 1930, at Montebello, Quebec.

Left: The village of Saint-Placide, Quebec, features a riverside pier with interpretive panels that detail the community's history.

After our restful night we set out biking early the next day. We travelled easily along the route, pausing to admire the beauty of the river that was our constant guide. By the late afternoon, with the heavy summer heat weighing us down, we stopped in the town of Saint-André-d'Argenteuil at the local casse-croûte (snack bar), a staple in most of the small towns along the trip. Among the town's claims to fame, it is the birthplace of Sir John Abbott — the first Canadian-born Prime Minister, who held the office after the death of Sir John A. Macdonald in 1891.

If there was one drawback to cycling, it's that we sometimes had to bypass sites like the Musée régional d'Argenteuil, which is located in Carillon Barracks National Historic Site. It was from this barracks that the British sent troops to confront Papineau and his forces during the 1837–38 rebellions in Lower Canada.

We ended our day at L'Auberge Lys et Chardon, a perfect little B&B in the small town of Saint-Placide. We walked down to the pier, along which display boards recount the history of the community. It was a final reminder that all of these towns and villages were originally tied to the river, before roads and highways rewired the way we connect to our past.

After a wonderful homemade breakfast at our B&B, we set out on a final day of biking before heading off to explore historic Montreal, and to enjoy a few well-earned days of rest.

Above: Since 2016, the University of Victoria has held campus events marking Orange Shirt Day.

Left: Phyllis Webstad, author of The Orange Shirt Story, wears a 2019 Orange Shirt Day T-shirt, designed by Vinita Rathod, a grade twelve student from Richmond, B.C.

The hue of hope

Orange Shirt Day founder transformed a frightening childhood episode into an occasion to unite in the spirit of reconciliation.

by Janet Walker

Teaching our collective history is no longer the sole responsibility of educators or institutions. Today there are opportunities for all Canadians to enter the dialogue about sensitive and difficult subject matter.

Everyone remembers their first day of school. Phyllis Webstad, who lived with her grandmother at Dog Creek reserve in central British Columbia, has used her memory of that day to create a powerful platform to help us talk about one of the most difficult subjects we share as Canadians.

In her children's book, *The Orange Shirt Story*, Webstad describes her residential school experience. She was sent to St. Joseph's Mission near Williams Lake, B. C., and, on her first day of school, she wore a shiny, new orange shirt.

Then six years old, she had chosen the bright and bold colour because it represented the promise and excitement of learning. However, when Webstad arrived at school her shirt was removed, never to be returned. And the clothing wasn't the only thing taken from her that day — she also lost her sense of self.

Webstad is Northern Secwépemc (Shuswap) from the Stswecem'c Xgat'tem First Nation and has earned diplomas in business administration and accounting. But perhaps most notably, in 2013 she helped to found Orange Shirt Day to honour the experience of residential school survivors and their families.

Since then, on September 30, participants across the country are encouraged to wear an orange shirt to acknowledge this painful piece of history. School boards use the event to teach children about residential schools, and each year more communities hold parallel activities such as walks, public lectures, and film screenings.

In 2017, Webstad received a Distinguished Alumni Award from Thompson Rivers University for her unprecedented impact on local, provincial, national, and international communities through the sharing of her orange shirt story. Citizens like her are strengthening our communities through participatory and inclusive projects that add depth and significance to our understanding of the past. The simple act of engaging with others means that each of us can answer the larger call to action.

In 1973, a single orange shirt changed the thinking of one child. It had become a dark symbol of worthlessness and shame, but the shirt is now a harbinger of hope for future generations and part of a declaration by Phyllis Webstad that every child matters.

LEFT: COURTESY OF PHYLLIS WEBSTAD; RIGHT: UVIC PHOTO SERVICES

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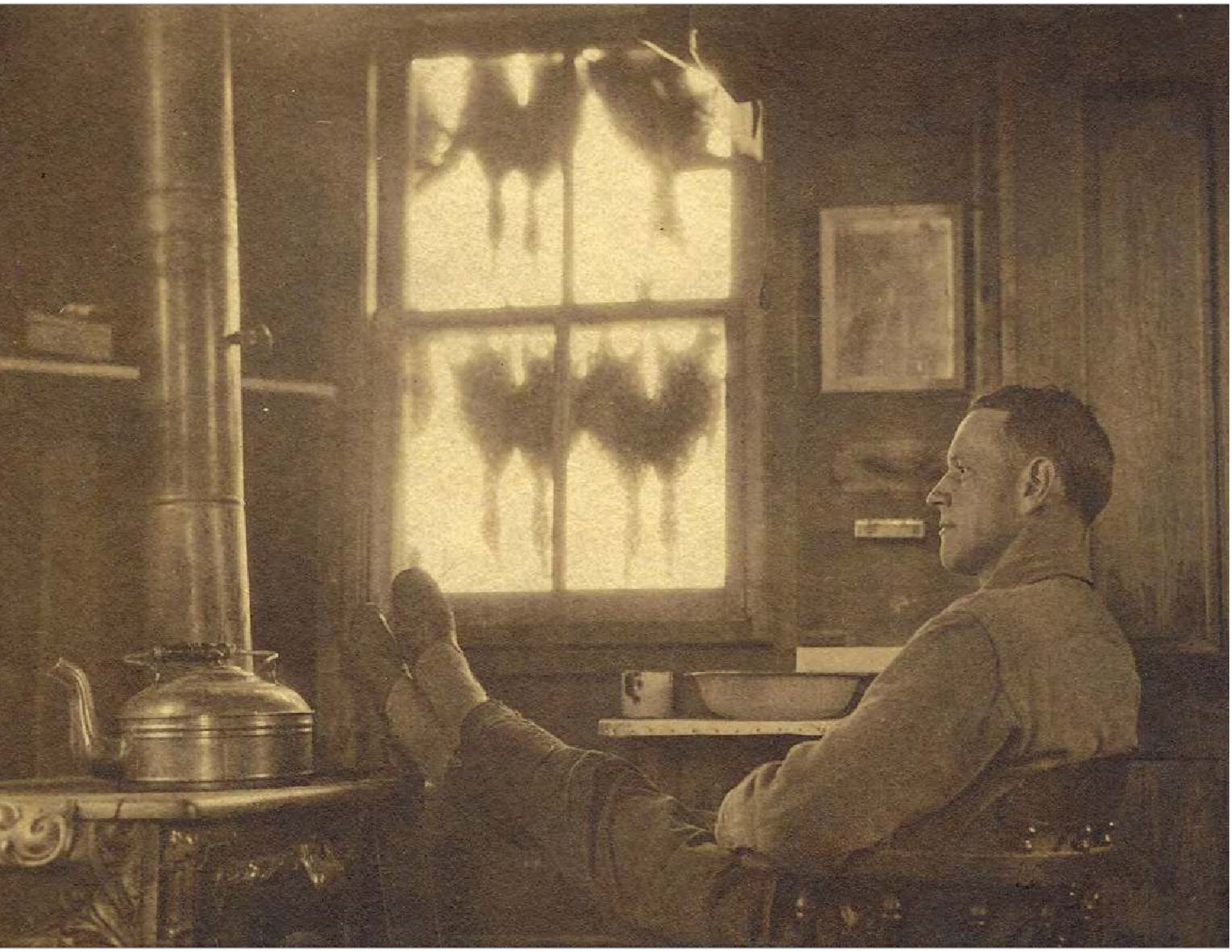

Hunter's respite

This photograph shows my grandfather Byron William (B.W.) Parker in the shooting lodge he co-owned at Manitoba's Delta Marsh, northwest of Winnipeg. The photo's date is unknown, but family consensus suggests that it was taken sometime in the 1920s.

Born and educated in Montreal, he became an engineer for the Dominion Bridge company and was transferred to Winnipeg in 1916 with his young family. After serving as chief engineer for the company — and, during the First World War, both in the reserves and as an instructor — he served as president of two other companies until his retirement in 1948.

He was a member of several organizations, including service clubs and recreational clubs. In this photograph taken at the shooting lodge he co-owned with Isaac Pitblado and Price Rattray, he is seen with his feet on the stove — which means that it was probably cold — and ducks can be seen hanging from the side of the lodge.

Submitted by Nancy J. Gates of Winnipeg, the granddaughter of Byron William Parker.

Do you have a photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your photo to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Please provide a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. Photos may be cropped or adjusted as necessary for presentation in the magazine. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

OUR PAST SHAPES OUR FUTURE • NOTRE PASSÉ TRANSFORME NOTRE FUTUR

CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

The importance of understanding Canada by examining the histories of its peoples has been an anchoring belief of Canada's History Society. Established in 1994 through the generous support of the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation, we bring relevance and awareness to our nation's diverse past, illuminating the people, places, and events that unite us as Canadians.

The society's work includes: *Canada's History* magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids*, CanadasHistory.ca, and the Governor General's History Awards.

SOCIÉTÉ HISTOIRE CANADA

L'importance de comprendre notre propre identité par le truchement de l'histoire est au cœur de la philosophie de la Société Histoire Canada. Le travail de la Société, fondée en 1994 grâce au généreux soutien de la Fondation d'histoire de la Compagnie de la baie d'Hudson, consiste à faire connaître le passé diversifié de notre pays et à l'ancrer dans le contexte actuel, mais également à mettre en valeur les gens, les lieux et les événements qui nous unissent en tant que Canadiens.

La Société offre notamment aux Canadiens le magazine *Histoire Canada*,
le magazine *Kayak : Navigue dans l'histoire du Canada*,
le site HistoireCanada.ca et les Prix d'histoire du Gouverneur général.

CANADA'S HISTORY HISTOIRE CANADA Kayak

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